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JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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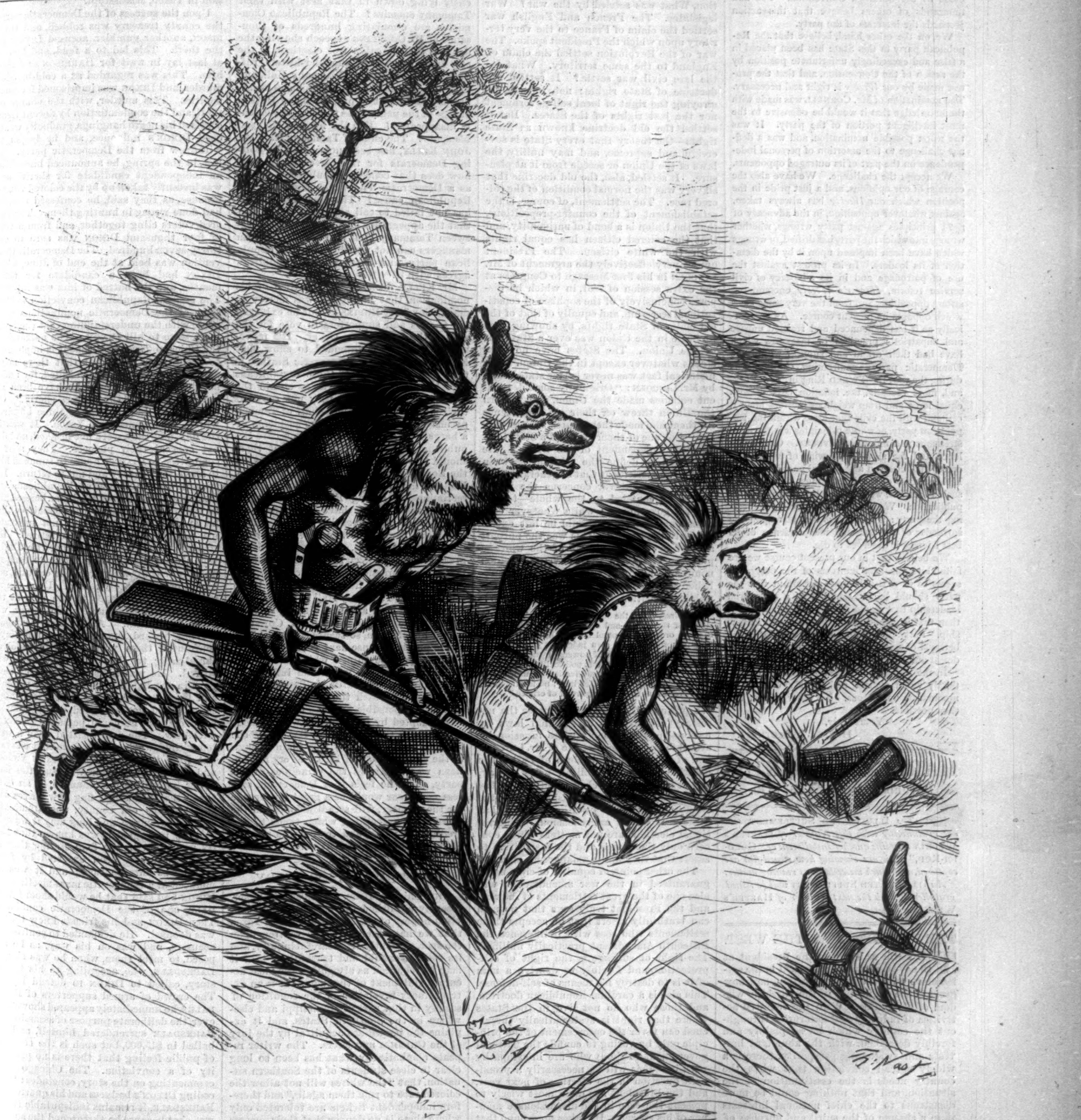


REDUCING THE U. S. ARMY AGAIN—LET ALL SAVAGES REJOICE.

THE POSITION OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

The following reply to a personal communication received by the publishers of *Harper's Weekly* from a Southern Republican, who complains that the attitude taken by that journal in New York politics jeopards the interests of the party, was written and sent without Mr. Curtis's knowledge.

Franklin Square,
New York, *October* 8, 1879.

Dear Sir,—We have your favor of the 3d inst. criticising Mr. Curtis's editorials in our *Weekly*. We will pass over your designation of him as "a sore-headed, self-conceited disorganizer in the Republican party." He has been called by harder names; and you will yourself admit that there is no argument in personal invective.

You are opposed to Mr. Curtis's course in protesting against the principal nomination made by the Saratoga Convention. You and thousands of others believe that this action jeopards the interests of the party.

We, on the other hand, believe that the Republican party in this State has been placed in a false and exceedingly unfortunate position by the action of the Convention, and that the protest made by our *Weekly* is right and necessary. The nomination of Mr. Cornell was made with the knowledge that it would be offensive to the most intelligent portion of the party. It was the worst possible nomination, and was a defiant challenge to the assertion of personal independence on the part of its outraged opponents.

We accept the challenge. We have also the courage of our opinions, and a just pride in the position which our *Weekly* has always taken, against whatever opposition, in the advocacy of right principles against party wrongs, whether wrongs into which the party has drifted, or wrongs which have been imposed upon it by the dictation of its leaders. In its protest against the use of patronage and in its advocacy of civil service reform, *Harper's Weekly* encountered strong opposition, and from the very same class which opposes its present course. As energetically as it has denounced and resisted unwise and unpatriotic practices or measures which have had their origin and support within the Democratic party—confronting Copperheads during the war, the Tweed Ring in New York, and, more recently, the inflation fallacy—with equal force and from weightier motives must it contend with the evils that arise within the Republican party, of whose principles it is the most strenuous and inflexible advocate. Only by silence and the slavish following of unwise and corrupt policies can any journal purchase peace. If the success of the *Weekly* must depend upon such a sacrifice, we would rather discontinue its publication. We have the same feeling respecting the party: if its success depends upon the surrender of the personal independence of its best friends, it deserves to die.

We believe that in our present course we are faithful to the best interests of the party. It seems to us that it is more important that the party should be reclaimed from a dictatorial leadership that would stultify and demoralize it than that it should succeed under such leadership. Party Conventions must learn that by the betrayal of their trusts they incur the chance of defeat and the responsibility therefor.

In the Saratoga Convention Mr. Curtis distinctly voted against making Mr. Cornell's nomination unanimous. No other protest was then possible.

Yours truly,
Harper & Brothers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 25, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains another installment of* "Golden-Rod," *a picture showing how sword-fish are captured, and much miscellaneous reading matter.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE PRESIDENT AT THE WEST.

The warm welcome of the President at the West shows how general is the satisfaction with his administration, and how great is the confidence in the patriotic wisdom of his course. With the renewed activities of industry and enterprise throughout the country which he so plainly and forcibly described, with the abundant harvests and awakening prosperity, there is a widely spread conviction that what the country needs is the continuation of the situation, and that nothing could be more disastrous to the chief national interests than a change of the spirit and purpose of administration. Doubtless if the sound, intelligent, patriotic opinion of the country could be pronounced, it would be in favor of the continuation of the Administration itself for another term. But the declaration of the President puts this out of the question, and the true Republican policy, therefore, is to show by the nomination and action of next year that the party maintains the spirit and purpose which have characterized the present Administration, with the hope of carrying them as much further in every good direction as possible. The President's more important speeches during his late tour have naturally attracted a great deal of attention. That at Youngstown was notable for its citation of Mr. Lincoln's views upon some of the current political questions. The speech is characteristically calm and clear, and its tone is becoming to a Chief Magistrate who has shown perfect loyalty to the doctrines which he declares, and who has officially maintained them in a wise and patriotic spirit.

The President was speaking to soldiers, and he said that since their last meeting the debates in Congress had raised the question, What was settled by the war? War legislates. The French and English war settled the claim of France to the very territory upon which the President spoke. The war of the Revolution settled the claim of England to the same territory. What did the late civil war settle? It settled the doctrine of State rights; not, indeed, destroying the right of local self-government nor the just rights of the States. But it settled the old doctrine known as State rights—the theory that every State is sovereign and supreme, and may nullify the laws of the Union or secede from it at pleasure. It settled, also, the old doctrine that slavery was the normal condition of the colored race. The settlement, of course, is the establishment of the counter-propositions, that the Union is a bond of nationality, and that the colored citizen has equal rights with the white citizen. The President quotes very effectively the argument of Mr. Lincoln in his first Message to Congress at the extra session of 1861, in which he disposes conclusively of the sophism of constitutional secession, and equally of that of the old claim of State rights, by showing that no State in the Union was ever a State out of the Union. The States have no legal status whatever except in the Union. The historical fact was never better stated than by Mr. Lincoln: "Originally some dependent colonies made the Union, and in turn the Union threw off their old dependence for them, and made them States, such as they are. Not one of them ever had a State Constitution independent of the Union." He proceeded to define the relation between the two authorities as that of generality and locality. "Whatever concerns the whole should be confided to the whole—to the general government; while whatever concerns *only* the State should be left exclusively to the State." This was the purport also of one of the planks of the Chicago platform of 1860 in the Convention which nominated him, and which has been republished as if inconsistent with the present Republican position. This is the resolution:

> "*Resolved*, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of powers on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend; and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes."

We presume that nobody supposes the necessary enforcement of national laws by national power to be "lawless invasion by armed force." The doctrine of Mr. Lincoln and of the Chicago platform of 1860 is the doctrine of the Republican party to-day, and it is a point which was settled by the war. It is the apparent disposition of the Democratic party to question it which has awakened public apprehension. Congressional elections are not matters which concern only the States, and the disposition to assert that they are is a dangerous sign.

The other point, of equality of citizenship guaranteed in the war amendments, was also one of the great settlements of the war, and the President truly says that no man can truthfully assert that he accepts these settlements who sees with indifference the Fifteenth Amendment practically nullified. The right of suffrage is the right of self-protection, and forcibly to deprive a man of it is to destroy his means of self-defense. This also is a cardinal Republican doctrine, and those who do not live in the States where that right is systematically threatened can favor the enforcement of the principle only by voting to confide the national government to those who are in sympathy with it. This will be necessarily a prominent question in the election of next year, and the President has done most wisely to present the case in the dispassionate manner of his speech. He takes no ground that he has not always held, and none which is not native to the Republican party. It is also a ground on which every good citizen can stand who wishes to see the steady progress of American development uninterrupted.

SUSPICIOUS INTIMACY.

It might be supposed from the excitement which attended the recent appointment of poll inspectors in the city of New York that the inspectors were to cast the votes. There has been a prolonged and desperate contest, in which a judge took part, and was overruled and practically rebuked by his superiors, and at one time it seemed as if the mandate of the law would be disregarded. The most amazing and important aspect of the whole affair, however, is the fact that during the contest the Republican Police Commissioners have been fighting the battle of Tammany Hall. It is but a year since Republicans were exhorted to combine with the Democratic opponents of Tammany to destroy what was called that nest of political corruption. What has happened in the mean while that Republican Commissioners should now be apparently lying down in that nest with their Tammany enemies? The Republican Committee are circulating hundreds of thousands of Mr. Conkling's speech showing the dangers that threaten free elections in the city from the Thugs, shoulder-hitters, ruffians, and swindlers of Tammany Hall, and here are Republican Commissioners working day and night to put Tammany Hall in charge of the polls. Has the danger suddenly disappeared? Has the leopard changed his spots? The chief of Tammany Hall, Mr. John Kelly, has been nominated by bolting Democrats for the Governorship, but how does that concern Republicans, except as a Democratic feud which may help the Republican cause? The New York *Times* has not failed to call attention to the fact that the appearance of a secret alliance between Tammany Hall and the Republican managers can not possibly help the Republican party, and every honest Republican agrees with it.

Mr. Kelly declared, at the time of his nomination, that his object was merely to defeat Governor Robinson, but he exhorted his friends and supporters to vote for the rest of the Democratic ticket. His movement, therefore, is intended to show that New York is still a Democratic State. Is that also the object of those Republicans who have aided his efforts to obtain the poll inspectors? Could they not see that their strenuous efforts on behalf of Tammany instinctively suggested the suspicion of a bargain? And does it tend to secure Republican victory in New York that there should be supposed to be a bargain between the Republican management and Tammany Hall? There has been a great deal of acrid recrimination among Republicans during this canvass. There have been fluent accusations of party treachery and betrayal. But what word will fitly describe Republican conduct which, at a time when the great purpose is declared to be to make a favorable impression upon the country, represents New York Republicanism to be in alliance with Tammany Hall? Suppose the result of such an alliance, directly or indirectly, to be the election of Mr. Cornell, would his election, so secured, help or hurt the Republican cause next year?

These are the things which betray the Republican party. When the infelicities, as the author of "futile dalliance" would call them, for which the Republican party was held responsible four and five years ago were adopted by Republicans with a shout of "Glory to God, regards to Babcock," the effect upon the country was plain enough in the changed vote of 1876. Every Republican who cherishes the principles of his party, and who feels that Democratic success next year would be a great misfortune for the country, will steadily oppose in the mean time everything which tends to discredit that party, and to lose the support of honest and independent voters.

THE TRUE YAZOO STORY.

The Chicago *Times*, a Democratic paper, recently published the most thorough and vivid history of the Dixon murder at Yazoo that we have seen. It was written upon the spot, evidently after careful inquiry, and its tone is candid and truthful, so that it may be regarded as altogether the most accurate statement of the facts. It is an extraordinary revelation of the condition of society in that part of Mississippi and elsewhere in the Southern States, and it explains the immediate acquittal by the jury of the Chisolm murderers. The writer repeats emphatically what has been so long clear to close students of the Southern situation, that "the whites will not allow the colored race to rule them again," and therefore independent tickets are tolerated only where there is no danger that their success will result in the dominance of the colored race. In counties where there is a decided colored majority, and a candidate has its united support, he will be killed, or the colored citizens will not be allowed to vote, or if they are, their ballots will not be honestly counted. This is the political situation in part of Mississippi, as illustrated by Dixon's story. He was a man of thirty-three years of age, a professional gambler, and the kind of character that figures in the roughest Southwestern legends. In 1875, when the whites in the Yazoo district resolved to submit to the colored rule no longer, Dixon appeared as a ringleader in all the violence against the colored voters—the mobbing, harrying, shooting, and hanging of negroes—proud of his feats, and enthusiastically followed by a kind of guard called Dixon's Scouts. The campaign of fire and blood against the colored voters was triumphant. They were effectually suppressed, and "grateful friends" among the women presented a silver pitcher to Dixon "for his gallant services in September and October, 1875, which resulted in the complete overthrow of radical tyranny and oppression in Yazoo, Mississippi."

Upon the success of the Democratic party the county treasury was robbed, and Harrison, another gambler, accused Dixon of the theft. This led to a feud, and Dixon at last lay in wait for Harrison and shot him. This was regarded as a cold-blooded murder, and Dixon was imprisoned for some months. This murder, with the charge of theft, and the condemnation by decent Democrats of his negro hangings, gradually weakened Dixon's influence, and he began to withdraw from the Democratic party. At last, in the spring, he announced himself as an independent candidate for sheriff, and was instantly taken up by the colored voters, because, as they said, he confessed that he had done wrong in hunting them. The colored voters cling together, and from a vote of four thousand Dixon was sure to get thirty-seven hundred. The Democratic Convention was held at the end of June, when Dixon had been a candidate for three months, and the hatred of him was intense. The general Republican conviction is that some of the Democratic nominations were made with the understanding that the nominees were to kill Dixon. The narrator in the Chicago *Times* says that it is impossible to decide this point, but that there is no doubt he would have been killed, for under no circumstances would he have been allowed to become "the negroes' sheriff." On the 25th of July a mob of three hundred whites rode armed into Yazoo. It was in the day, and they were not masked, and did not conceal their purpose. They sent a committee to Dixon's house to summon him to leave the country and not to return. His friends, white and colored, Republicans and Democrats, who surrounded him, begged him to yield. He replied to the committee that he was a citizen, and would not surrender his rights. The committee retired. His counsel, who knew that otherwise Dixon was a dead man, besought him to compromise by withdrawing from the canvass, and he did not absolutely refuse. Upon the report of the committee to the mob at the Democratic head-quarters, the order was given to "fall in." As the mob was about moving toward Dixon's house, the Mayor confronted them with a drawn revolver, threatening to shoot the first man who stirred. He was himself covered by shotguns in the hands of men equally resolute, and he too would have fallen if Dixon's counsel had not appeared, saying that he believed that he could persuade Dixon to withdraw. The mob insisted upon a written withdrawal, not only from that canvass, but from the race issue. Dixon yielded, and wrote the withdrawal, and the local paper immediately announced in an extra that "the Democratic flag now waves over this glorious old county, uncontaminated and unchallenged, and long may it wave!"

Early in August it was known that Dixon was again in the field, stating that his withdrawal had been extorted by force. There was intense rage; and it was announced at a Democratic mass-meeting that Dixon had said that he would shoot Barksdale, one of the Democratic candidates. Then Dixon and his friends knew that he was doomed. He demanded to confront his accusers, and was on his way, as he supposed, to meet them, when he was shot by Barksdale, who, according to his friends' story, called to Dixon to defend himself. The crowd of armed supporters of Barksdale who immediately appeared shows, however, the deliberate purpose of assassination. Barksdale surrendered himself, and was bailed in $15,000, but such is the condition of public feeling that there is no probability of a conviction. The Chicago *Times*, commenting on the story, concludes: "Conceding Dixon's badness and his quarrel with Barksdale, it remains indisputable that he was shot because he threatened the supremacy of the Democratic party in Yazoo County." This will be the opinion of all intelligent readers. The story is a vivid revelation of the method by which the South has been made solid, and by which it is proposed to keep it solid for the Democratic Presidential candidate next year. The report says that the conservative respectable Democratic leaders are now filled with alarm lest the brutal element which they made use of in 1875 to master the Republican party will in turn irretrievably master them. The result is a strong reaction, and there are independent tickets in every county, Yazoo itself having a full ticket in the field, which in a total voting population of six thousand has the support of three hundred whites and four thousand colored men. The opinion which produces the reaction is that upon which the restoration of Southern society must be founded, and it is to this opinion that Northern patriotism must turn. No legislation, no military power, can civilize such a society. Time alone, with the steady co-operation of all good citizens in the State and out of it, and with the evidence that the rest of the country is firmly united against the attainment of national control by such means, can subdue the barbarism which these facts reveal. Meanwhile the intelligent citizens of Mississippi, who see clearly that no progress is possible for their State until this curse of anarchy is removed, ought to be able to see that their true policy lies in an alliance with those in the rest of the country who agree with them in opinion regarding such crimes, and not in persisting in union with a party which extenuates anarchy, and favors the policy which the Yazoo mob desires.

THE WAY TO DO IT.

An admirable article in the New York *Times* upon "A Defective Reform" points out the necessity of striking at the abuse of political assessments by a direct prohibition of giving. "We understand perfectly," says the *Times*, "the plea that every man in the service is free to give or not to give. We do not approve of that freedom. We believe that the opportunities for abuse are so great and so difficult to meet that to protect the service completely, all contributions should be forbidden." The reason is plain, as the article shows. If the request for money is made by the superior officer, or with his known consent, the clerk can not but feel that refusal may be attended with unpleasant consequences. The request, or even the permission for making the request, therefore, becomes at once coercion, from which the subordinate ought to be protected. It is not enough that the President means precisely what he says, and that, so far as he is concerned, if not a single officer in the civil service gives a single cent, not one officer will be disturbed or discredited in consequence. The President can not know what is done in the lower branches of the service. If a subordinate is made to suffer for not giving money, his refusal is not alleged as the reason of his removal or discipline. He knows what the President has said, and he knows that he means it. But he may know also that his superior officer thinks the President impracticable, and not knowing what may happen if he does not give, he takes the safer course, and submits to the extortion.

There would be the usual cry that to forbid the clerks to give would be a high-handed and autocratic and outrageous blow at the rights of American citizens, who are not supposed to surrender their manhood by entering the public service. There would be, indeed, a prolonged gush of fine sentiments from those who now pick the pockets of American citizens in the civil service under pretense of respecting their liberty of action. What liberty of action has a clerk upon whose desk is laid by the authority of his superior officer an invitation voluntarily to contribute two per cent. of his salary to pay election expenses? He holds his place at the will of that superior. He suspects that the superior expects him to pay. He may do his superior injustice, but he can take no risks. And he pays as freely as Dick Turpin's victims upon the road, and no more freely. The cant of patriotism to hide abominable abuses is one of the vilest kinds of cant.

The assessment is fair enough when it is understood that places are given for party work, and that continued servility and party work and prompt payment of assessments are the conditions of holding the place. That is a perfectly intelligible system. It puts up the public service at auction, and it is utterly venal and degrading, but it is consistent. It is a system also gravely defended as necessary, as every abuse in government which has ever been abolished has been defended. But the reform introduced by President Hayes contemplates an efficient, economical, and self-respecting service, which, as Mr. Long says, is to be the service of the state, and not of a party. When a man enters the service because upon a fair trial he has shown himself to be the fittest among equal competitors, he does not hold his place upon any servile conditions whatever. Yet under the law he is still removable at the pleasure of a superior, and if the assessment is levied with the superior's approval, the incumbent, knowing the traditions, and naturally mistrusting the situation, will be under the strongest pressure to yield. Therefore in the present imperfect and undeveloped condition of the reform, as the *Times* well says, the service should be protected by the prohibition. In its opinion and in ours the reform is more strongly sustained by public opinion than the President seems to suspect. The politicians are bitterly hostile, but the voters are friendly, and the politicians will follow meekly enough when they feel the leadership of popular principle and determination. In its nature the reform is radical. Its parts hang together firmly. Its successful and honorable enforcement at one point is useless if there be evident hesitation and doubt at all others. It is for the President to make rules, and since his known determination that the payment or non-payment of assessments shall not affect the tenure of office does not prevent either the coercive request or the unwilling payment, he might well do whatever else is necessary to protect the service. If the fact that he can not know the real reasons of subordinate removal should seem to prove that his action can not prevent the abuse, the answer is conclusive that he can always select superior officers who share his faith in the reform, and who will resolutely enforce it.

PRINCE VICTOR OF WALES.

The future heir of the British monarchy is now nearly sixteen years old, but the London *Spectator* caustically says that "he has been left, by some accidental failure on the part of reporters, interviewers, American visitors, and English flunkies, in a healthy obscurity so deep that reporters are not certain of his name." The young Prince, with his younger brother George, has just sailed in the *Bacchante* for a voyage round the world, and the *Spectator* does not think that a ship is the best place in which a modern king can best study the duties of his position. Such of the reporters as are flunkies have written the most florid accounts of the ship and of the departure, but have nothing whatever to say personally of the Prince.

It is interesting to observe the comments upon kingship of intelligent men in countries where not only the idea of divine right, but almost of loyalty, in the old sense, has perished. When the king is merely a hereditary executive for the reason that a hereditary is more expedient than an elective executive, his personal character and qualities become subjects of close criticism. It is then necessary to see whether he will probably discharge the executive duties properly, for if experience shows that they are not likely to be well done, the expediency of the hereditary system at once comes in question.

It is a kind of criticism which is probably ultimately fatal to kingship; for it is impossible that the personality of the monarch, his genius, his will, his ambition, or his ignorance and folly and vice, should not suggest difficulties, when the old regal theory has died out, quite as perplexing as those of an elective system. The customs of government, which compose the English Constitution, have deprived the crown of real headship. Even its choice of the man who is to be the actual governor is prescribed by precedent. It is questionable, as Bagehot suggested, whether the value of the crown may not be imaginary. But when the imagination fails, the crown falls. To those who think this, the speculation what kind of man the young Prince may be is of very great interest.

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTENNIAL.

While we are celebrating our centennials, Southern Italy has just celebrated the eighteenth centenary of the destruction of Pompeii. That event is most popularly known through Bulwer's novel, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, but every traveller who recalls the sunny silence of the miniature city can imagine how striking and interesting the celebration must have been. During the last three months all excavations have been suspended, and it was proposed to make forty of them on the day of the commemoration.

A correspondent of one of the London papers, alluding to the fact that in the days of the Bourbon Kings of Naples one of the honors shown to distinguished guests was a fresh excavation, says that when such a compliment was offered to Lord Brougham, he selected a certain spot as evidently the site of a buried house. Spade and pickaxe fell to work, and presently the house stood revealed, with its closed portal. A few strokes opened it, and lo! for an instant the form of a human figure was disclosed, and in the next moment the shadowy outline vanished in a wreath of dust. *Se non è vero, è ben trovato.* It is the kind of legend which naturally hovers over the buried city. The air, the landscape, and the historic associations make Naples exceedingly interesting, but there is nothing more impressive in its neighborhood than Pompeii.

There are not many citizens of New York who are aware that there is a perfect reproduction of the house of Sallust, one of the famous remains of Pompeii, at the South Beach Pavilion, on Staten Island. Mr. Peteler, the proprietor, has an antiquarian turn, and, after careful observation upon the spot, he has reconstructed the ancient house in a room of his hotel: the mosaics, the paintings, the fountain, the form, are all there. On a warm summer day, as the visitor emerges from it and looks over the sparkling lower bay, he asks if he sees the Mediterranean, and wonders whether the distant tower and ranges of buildings glittering in the sunlight are on the shores of Baiæ—or of Coney Island!

Mr. Curtis has addressed the following letter to the chairman of the Republican Committee of Richmond County, New York:

Lenox, Massachusetts, *9th October*, 1879.

De Witt Stafford, Esq., Chairman:

My dear Sir,—I am very sorry, as I wrote you some time since, that I am unable to return to the Island before the 15th inst., and that I shall therefore be absent at the re-assembling of the County Convention on the 11th. I regret my absence the more as I understand that serious dissatisfaction has been expressed with some recent articles of mine in *Harper's Weekly*.

Those articles assert the right and the duty of every Republican to scratch the name of any candidate upon the ticket whose election he thinks would be injurious to the Republican cause, with the specific advice to exercise that right at the pending election. This is a principle which I have always openly advocated, for the only effective way that I know in a government like ours to correct and purify the management of parties lies in the independent action of the individual voter upon the nominations recommended to him by a Convention. To question this principle is to assert the doctrine which was stated in its extreme and most odious form in the familiar phrase, "I would vote for the devil if he were regularly nominated." Regular nominations may be the result of intrigue, corruption, and treachery, and as they are but recommendations, the individual voter must be encouraged to judge them for himself, and to disregard them when he is satisfied that they ought not to be supported. Any other doctrine than this seems to me to be unworthy of a party of freemen, and as I have said that it is one which I have always preached, I ought to add that it is one also which I have always practiced.

That I was a delegate to the late State Convention does not affect my right or my duty to assert this principle. If it be alleged that a delegate is bound by the action of the Convention if he makes no protest—a proposition which I do not admit—then it is enough to say that I protested in the manner which seemed to me to be wisest, by voting against the motion to make the nomination for the Governorship unanimous—a vote which was recognized by the president of the Convention in declaring the motion carried. Of course good faith is always supposed, and, as experience proves, delegates, for the sake of the party, will usually acquiesce in the decision of a Convention. But the theory of a delegate's duty, as sometimes stated, would imply that when he is overruled as a delegate, he is in every case bound as a voter to support what he may think to be injurious to the party and to the public welfare. This seems to me to be neither sound Republican nor American doctrine.

It is with the sincerest regret that I have learned that the recent expression of my views has deeply pained many Republican friends in Richmond County whose good opinion is very dear to me. But those friends, with whom my political association has been so long continued and so cordial, will understand that while I deplore any grave difference of opinion, I can ask the assurance of my Republicanism only from my own conscience. We may honestly differ as to the methods by which the cause is to be advanced, but hitherto, with some natural differences of view, there has been no serious misunderstanding between us. Under existing circumstances, however, there ought to be no misapprehension whatever, and I beg, therefore, through you, respectfully to offer my resignation as chairman of the Convention, that the members may have the opportunity of declaring whether in their judgment the interests of the party can better be promoted by its acceptance.

With great respect, I am very truly yours,
George William Curtis.

PERSONAL.

Persons who favor the canonization of Major André, the British spy, might be benefited by the consideration that he was not an immaculate saint, as the following record in an autograph letter of Deborah Logan, of Philadelphia, clearly shows. It is copied from the original, in the possession of Ferdinand J. Dreer, of Philadelphia. The statement was made to Mrs. Logan by Charles Thomson, the Secretary of the Continental Congress.

"When Major André was with the British army in Philadelphia during the Revolutionary war, he was quartered at the house of Dr. Franklin, who had left in it much furniture, and also his library. When the enemy were about to evacuate the city, Monsieur Du Simitiere, a well-known Italian gentleman, attached to science and the fine arts, and well acquainted with André, waited upon him to take leave, and to solicit his interest in their preservation, if any irregularities should ensue upon their leaving the city. He found the major in the library, busily employed in packing up some books, and placing them among his own baggage, particularly a very scarce and valuable work in French—a present, if I rightly remember, from Louis XVI., King of France, to the Philosophical Society, of many volumes in quarto, he said between thirty and forty. It was the Jesuits' account of China, and their translations of Chinese literature, published after their expulsion from China and return to France. Du Simitiere said he was shocked at the procedure, and told him [André], in order that he might make the inference, of the strictly just and honorable conduct of the Hessian General Knyphausen with respect to General Cadwallader's house and property, which had been in his possession. He sent for the agent of General Cadwallader, and giving him an inventory which he had caused his steward to make out upon their obtaining possession, desired him to observe that all was left as they had found it, even to some wine in the cellar, every bottle of which was left; and he also paid the agent rent for the time he had been in the house. But the recital of the German general's honesty made no impression on the major, for he carried off the books. I understand that the books had been sent to Dr. Franklin's care, and had not yet been placed in the library of the Philosophical Society.
Deborah Logan."

—It is seldom that a gentleman has for so many years been connected with a great banking institution as has Mr. J. M. Morrison, who, after a service of nearly forty years as cashier and president of the Manhattan Bank, has just retired from its management, full of years and full of honors. When Mr. Morrison became cashier of the bank in 1842, its stock was selling at fifty cents on the dollar. Now it has a clean surplus of over $1,000,000 on a capital of $2,050,000. In 1860, when Mr. Morrison became president, the bank had for several years been paying dividends on its restored capital. It has never since passed a dividend, and withal has accumulated the surplus mentioned above. Mr. Harberger, the new president, has been thirty-eight years in the bank, first as transfer clerk in the State department in the bank, then in 1857 as assistant cashier, and again in 1860 as cashier, when he succeeded Mr. Morrison in that office. He has had, as nearly as possible, the same training and experience that made Mr. Morrison so successful; and it is reasonable to expect under his presidency a continuance of the prosperity of this conservative institution.

—Little things of this sort are not without a certain amount of interest. On the 1st inst., among other checks sent from the Treasury at Washington in payment of the quarterly interest on United States four per cent. bonds, was one of $50,000 to the order of William H. Vanderbilt, being the quarterly interest on $5,000,000 registered in his name. Mr. J. C. Flood, the Bonanza King, of San Francisco, has $5,000,000 of five per cent. bonds, which have not yet been called. These gentlemen are the two largest single holders of United States registered bonds.

—Count William Bismarck, who looks very much like his father, is very popular in Berlin, where he is familiarly called "Prince Bill." He is said to be a thorough "chip of the old block," with whom he now constantly remains.

—J. Henry Puleston, Esq., M.P., who arrived at Philadelphia from Liverpool a few days since, was met down the Delaware River by a company of distinguished Pennsylvanians, who had chartered a steamer for that purpose, and who tendered him the compliment of a dinner on the 10th inst. Mr. Puleston is accompanied by his daughter, and both are at present the guests of Mr. Welsh, ex-minister to the British court. Mr. Puleston will be cordially welcomed to New York, where he has many friends in financial and political circles.

—Chief Justice Waite is said to be a very even and sunny-tempered man, who could never endure to plead a cause of the justice of which he was not fully assured. Any doubts in that direction were sure to make him ill at ease. In his present position, he has been heard to remark, with a certain degree of complacency, that he is now sure of "always being on the right side."

—The two sons of the late Senator Douglas have recently been in this city. Not long since they came into possession of about $200,000 by a decision of the Court of Claims, being the proceeds of a quantity of cotton belonging to their father, and confiscated in Mississippi by Federal troops during the war. Mr. Douglas was a slave-holder through his first wife, and furnished the labor on a plantation owned by James McHutton, in Washington County.

—The Rev. Dr. Dix is said to be preparing a full and complete history of Trinity Church.

—Judge J. L. Rice, of Keokuk, Iowa, recently deceased, bequeathed $10,000 to the Library Association of that city for the erection of a building; $5000 to Williams College, of Massachusetts; and $1000 to St. John's Episcopal Church, of Keokuk.

—Mr. Albert Brassey has a steam-yacht as spacious and elegant as the *Sunbeam*, belonging to his brother. Albert Brassey is the youngest of the three sons of the great railroad contractor. Their father left them $500,000 a year each. The second son, Henry, is a famous breeder of fancy stock, Thomas enjoys yachting, and Albert is a master of fox-hounds, as well as a yachtsman. Albert married the daughter of an Irish peer.

—Mr. De Lesseps is going to Athens to study a project of a canal across the Isthmus of Corinth, between the gulfs of Salonica and Corinth, to cost about $3,000,000.

—The Rev. Dr. Harrison, of Troy, New York, is mentioned as the probable successor of the late Bishop Odenheimer, of New Jersey. The High-Church party, of which he is a member, are in the ascendant in that diocese.

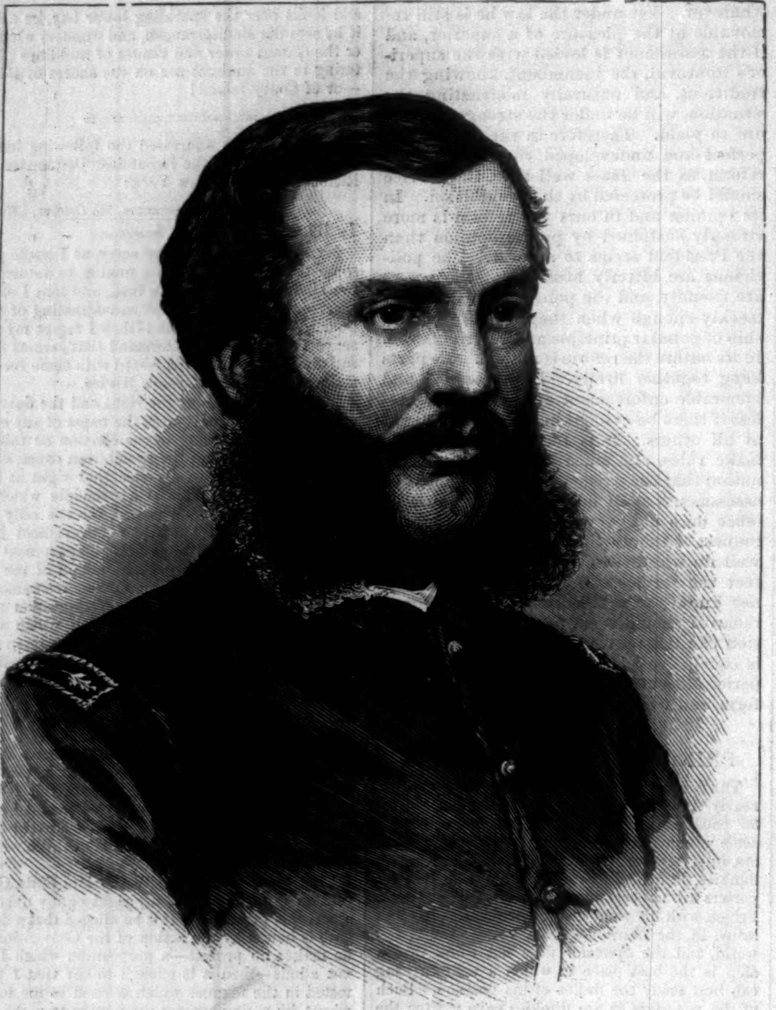
—Colonel E. L. Drake, who sank the first oil well in Pennsylvania, is still living in a modest home in that State. As he sits in his invalid's chair at his doorway he can see the long tank trains carrying away the product of his discovery. Fortunately he has a pension of $1500 a year from the State, upon which he lives in comparative comfort.

—A recent number of the *Evening Telegram* contains a sketch of our clever contemporary the Boston *Evening Transcript*, now in the forty-ninth year of its publication, and more vigorous and readable than ever. Of its present editor, Mr. William A. Hovey, who has been in charge since January, 1875, the *Telegram* says: "His journalistic training was obtained in the interior of Pennsylvania, where he edited a paper, and subsequently on the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, whence he was graduated to the *Transcript*, and at the death of Mr. Haskel was appointed editor by the proprietors. Under Mr. Hovey's management the *Transcript*, which was always a social, literary, home paper, has made great progress in political influence. The paper is an independent Republican, and fortunately is able to maintain its independence in every sense. It neither asks nor cares for political patronage, but derives such income from general advertising as to make it pecuniarily solid and therefore editorially impartial. Mr. Hovey is a facile writer as he is an easy talker. He gives a great deal of his personal attention to the paper, writes much, and superintends all."

THE UTE WAR.

Among the losses sustained by our troops in the recent fight with the Ute Indians, one of the most serious was the death of that veteran Indian fighter Major **Thomas T. Thornburgh**, of the Fourth Infantry. This gallant officer was born in Tennessee, from which State he was appointed a cadet at the West Point Military Academy, July 1, 1863. Four years later he graduated, and was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the Second Artillery, June 17, 1867. After three years' service upon the Pacific and Atlantic coasts, he was regularly promoted, April 21, 1870, and as First Lieutenant of Artillery was appointed Major and Paymaster, April 26, 1875. In this capacity he served upon the staff of Brigadier-General **George Crook**, with station at Omaha; but tiring of the inactivity of the life, he sought and effected an exchange with Major **G. H. Thomas**, Fourth Infantry, May 23, 1878. By this transfer Major **Thornburgh** stepped above no less than two hundred and fifty captains of infantry and many lieutenants of that corps, whose original commissions antedated his, and procured the command of Fort Fred Steele, in Wyoming Territory.

In the fall of 1878 he was placed in charge of the troops assembled at Sidney, Nebraska, to intercept the Cheyennes. The latter crossed the Union Pacific Railroad near Julesburg, and a few hours later, having been conveyed to this point by a special train, **Thornburgh**'s column was in hot pursuit. The Cheyennes forded the treacherous Platte, with whose shifting quicksands they were familiar, and took refuge for the night in an adjacent cañon. **Thornburgh** followed, but his preparations for an immediate attack were foiled by a dense fog, which rose from the river and enveloped it. In the early morning smouldering fires revealed their late proximity, but the Cheyennes had dispersed. Their trail led fan-shaped into and through the dreaded sand-hills. **Thornburgh** followed, and during the day accomplished not less than eighty miles. For forty-eight hours he wandered through this terrible waste, and was only relieved from extreme hunger and thirst by the timely arrival of Major **C. H. Carlton**, Third Cavalry, and a battalion of that regiment. By many his failure was attributed to excess of caution, but perhaps he only avoided then the disaster that has so recently overwhelmed his command.



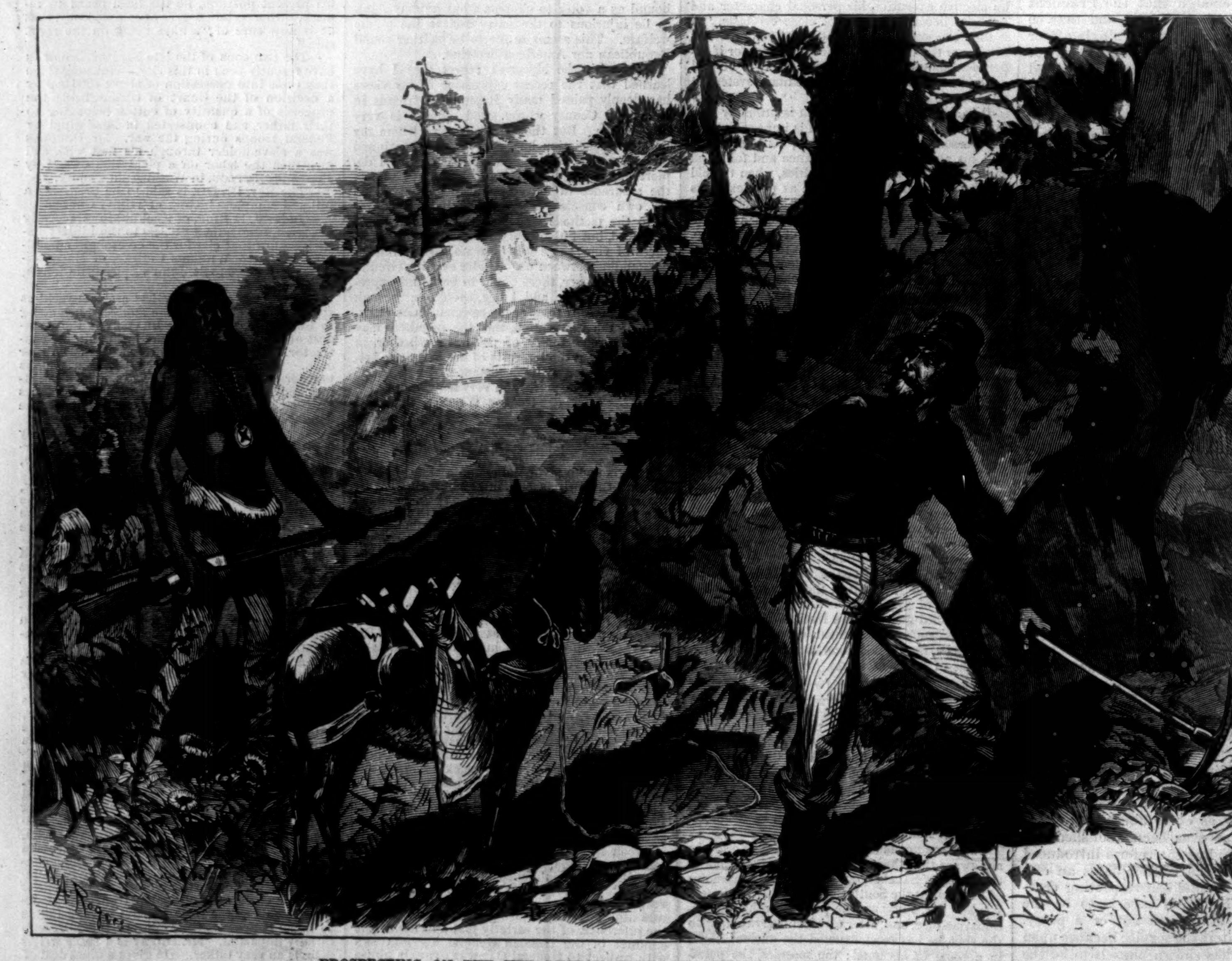
MAJOR THOMAS T. THORNBURGH.—Photographed by Hobday, Norfolk, Virginia.

Major **Thornburgh** was shot in the breast and instantly killed while gallantly leading his men in a counter-charge. He was a man of splendid physique, and if not a brilliant soldier, a very earnest, brave, ambitious, and conscientious officer, and a genial, whole-souled gentleman. An excellent horseman, he was the finest shot in the army. He hunted prairie-chicken and grouse with an ordinary Springfield rifle. When Dr. **Carver** made his superb score with glass balls at Omaha, Major **Thornburgh**, at the solicitation of his numerous friends, followed and almost equalled it. Immediately subsequent to the fruitless chase after the Cheyennes, a council was held with **Red Cloud**, **Young-man-afraid-of-his-horses**, and other prominent Sioux chiefs at Fort Sheridan. At its termination the Indians were in an unusually amiable mood, and facetiously compared the battered carbines in the hands of our cavalrymen to their own handsomely mounted Winchesters. Major **Thornburgh**, seizing at random one of the former arms from a soldier, challenged the group of dusky boasters to a trial of their vaunted weapons. Silver half and quarter dollars thrown into the air, or even nickels, were rarely missed; and the coins being too soon exhausted, they insisted on tempting his unerring aim with potatoes, which, although they grow particularly small in the rugged Northwest, he invariably cleft in their flight. The braves stood aghast at such wonderful dexterity, and conferred upon him a euphonious sobriquet in their own language, meaning "The-chief-who-shoots-the-stars."

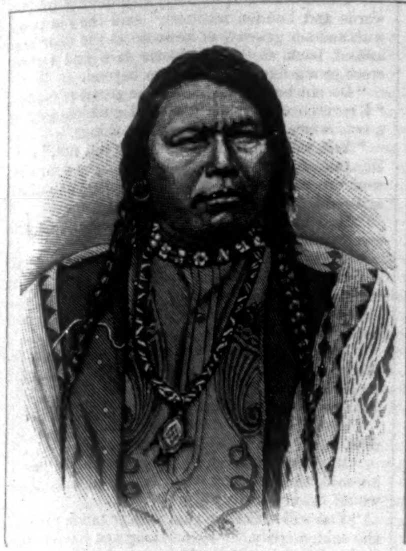
Major **Thornburgh** was a brother of the ex-Congressman of that name from Tennessee. He leaves a wife (daughter of Major **R. D. Clark**, Paymaster, and niece of Paymaster-General **Alvord**, U.S.A.) and two children, a boy and a girl, who are now at Fort Fred Steele.

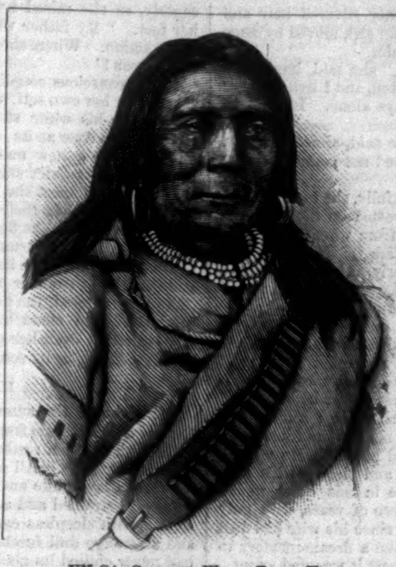
The Ute Indians as a tribe are well known to travellers and scientists as the Rocky Mountain Indians, and occupy the range for several hundred miles. They have always been peaceable and well inclined toward the whites, although being native-born savages. Three or four years ago a hunter or tourist was as safe in a Ute camp as in any Eastern village, while they heartily enjoyed it if they could give their white guests a little scare. They are truly mountain Indians, knowing every crook and cranny for hundreds of miles. They make frequent forays on the plains during the buffalo season, and on such expeditions go well armed, and equipped with camp fixtures. The Sioux, or Plain Indians, have always been their inveterate enemies, and when they meet, a fight is certain; but the Sioux have never dared follow them to the foot-hills or mountain fastnesses, where their resources are such that they could favorably compete with a powerful army.

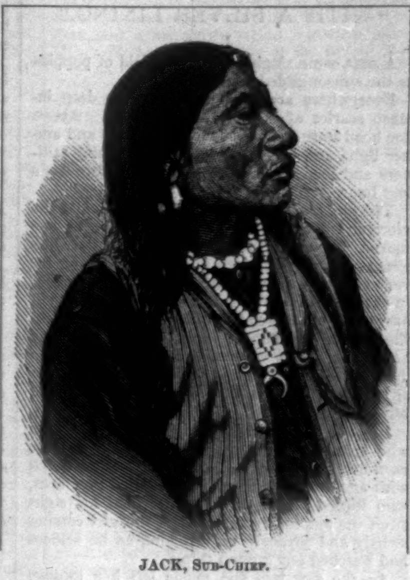
The Utes as a nation have never sought war with the whites, or advance of civilization, but have always submitted to many indignities, that could be related, rather than resent them and incur the ill-will of the great white father. As a specimen of the confidence reposed in them, it can be said that when Major **Thomson** was Indian Agent, with head-quarters at Denver, he always gave the Indians full range of the government offices, and let them sleep on the floor at night when belated. Also, **Carlos Gore**, the largest dealer in fire-arms, ammunition, and general outfits, including beads, vermilion, etc., would frequently lock his store in the evening, leaving a dozen or more Indians sleeping on robes on the floor, which they preferred to any bed. Very few of the Utes can speak any English, and it was comical enough to see a big buck Indian, followed by his squaw laden with buffalo-robes, come in. The buck would hold up five fingers. Mr. **Gore** would say, "What you want?" Answer: "Winchester." That would be all said: five robes, worth eight dollars each—forty dollars, price of Winchester rifle. The next deal would be for ammunition, made by signs in the same manner, and to-day there is hardly a Ute buck or warrior but has a good Winchester rifle and a Colt or Smith & Wesson revolver, with plenty of ammunition stored in the mountains. They are very careful about using fire-arms on

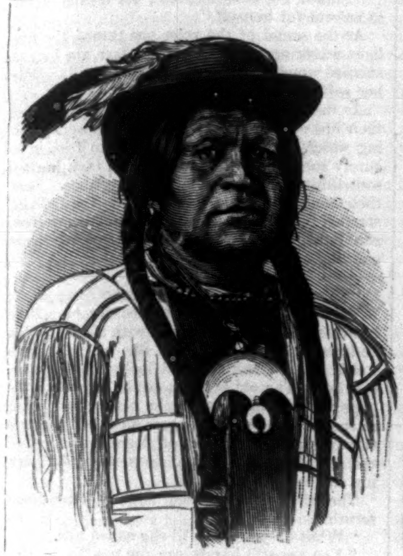


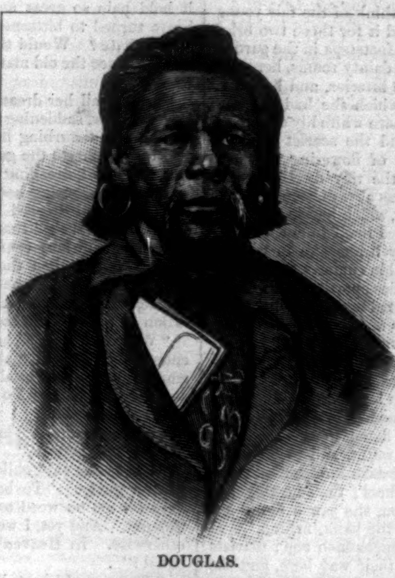
PROSPECTING ON THE UTE RESERVATION—AN OMINOUS MEETING.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

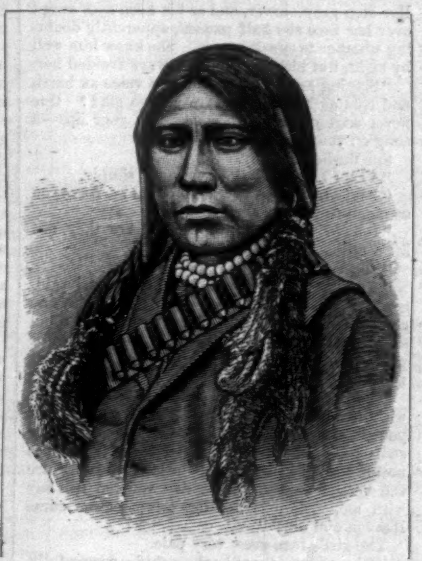

OU-RA, Head Chief.

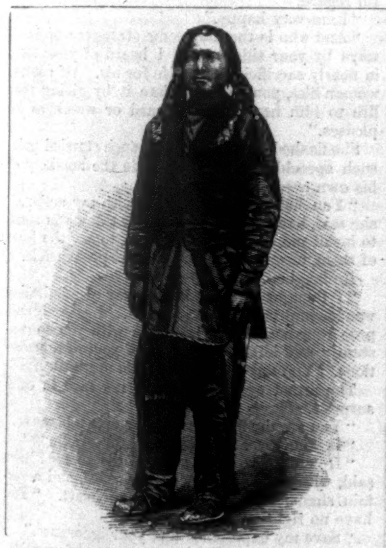

UN-CA, Chief of White River Utes.

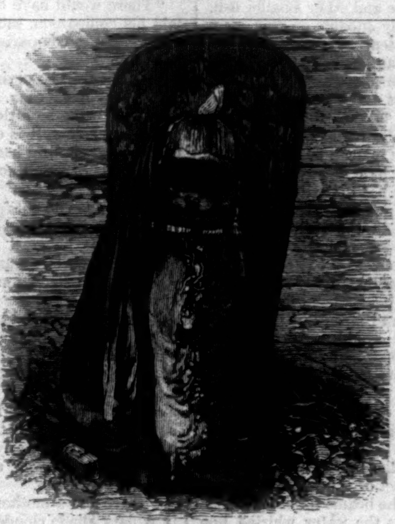

JACK, Sub-Chief.

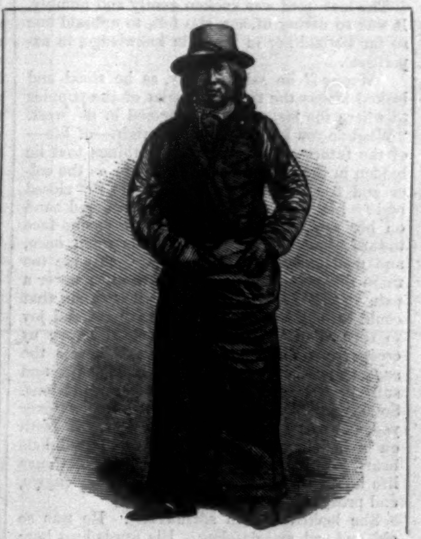

COLORAL.


DOUGLAS.


TAB-E-NASH, White River Ute.


BILL, Sub-Chief of Middle Park Utes.


UTE PAPPOOSE.


ANTELOPE, Ou-Ra's Runner.

game, and prefer using the bow and arrow to burning powder or wasting lead.

Ute chiefs are usually very shy, and dislike to sit for a photograph, but when they do, they want to make a display of the cartridge belt well laden with ammunition, and feel a pride in being the owner of a vest, but never wear a coat. They are passionately fond of beads, wampum, vermilion, brass buttons, etc., and their long black hair, parted in the middle, will frequently have a row of brass buttons or knobs from the forehead to the crown of the skull, and the long hair of the scalp, which they are so proud of, is braided into strips of skin from the mountain lion; and no young buck is recognized until he has killed his lion, tanned the skin, and worn it braided in his hair.

One of our portraits is that of **Ou-Ra**, head chief of all the Ute tribes. He appears here in Indian costume, but he can appear in civilized dress when he pleases. He is very favorable to the whites, speaks English fluently, and is said to be a very kind-hearted man, and one that has worked hard to secure discipline among his tribes. He endeavored, without success, to prevent the recent outbreak of hostilities.

Un-Ca, chief of the White River Utes, was in all probability the author of the recent outrage, and **Jack**, his sub-chief, was in command of the Indians who did the merciless work. **Jack**'s face fully expresses what he is capable of, while his brother **Bill**, who is a sub-chief of the Middle Park Utes (successor to **Coloral**, who was degraded for bad behavior), looks like an inoffensive Indian, but he has plenty of Indian fire in his brain. At one time he boasted that no lead could kill him, and when one of the tribe said he would like to try, **Bill** stood up, folded his arms, and said, "Fire!" The bullet went through his left side below the ribs. **Bill** laughed, and said, "I told you lead no kill me." He was laid up about two weeks, and came out all right.

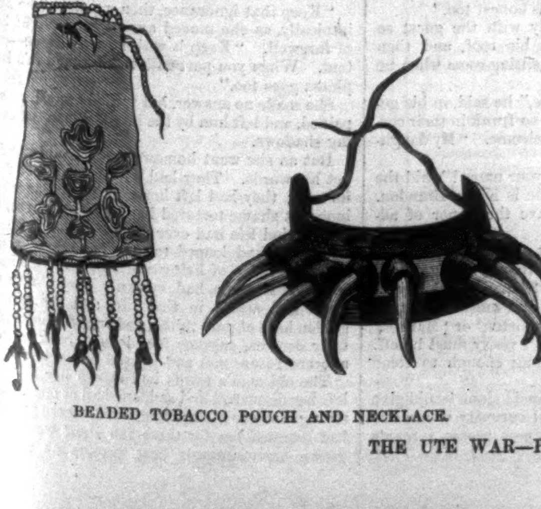
Piah is the chief of the Middle Park Utes. He is a clever fellow enough, but very deceitful. He has been to Washington, New York, and Boston, as have some of the others. **Piah** says he got shaved in Washington, which accounts for the few hairs on his chin, of which he is very proud. In conversation with him, he said, "Washington heap big, heap big houses; New York heap big, big houses, big boats, plenty white men;" and so of other Eastern cities; but at the end he says, "White man heap no good, heap lie. Indian no lie." Upon being asked what the great white father said to him, his answer was: "White father at Washington said Indian must make potato, cabbage, and work. I tell white father no make potato, cabbage, no work; Indian hunt, fish. No hunt, no fish, Indian fight and die."

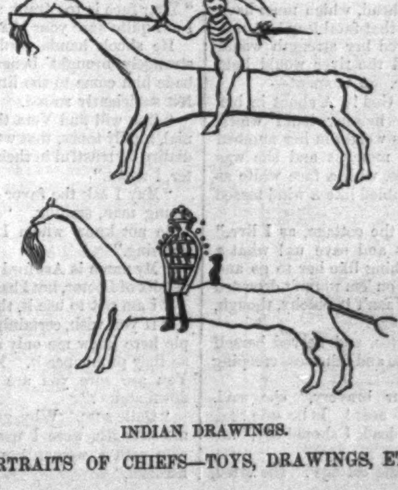
Antelope, **Ou-Ra**'s runner, is quite a feature, as he is always ready to carry messages to the most distant tribes, and never takes any undue rest until his return.

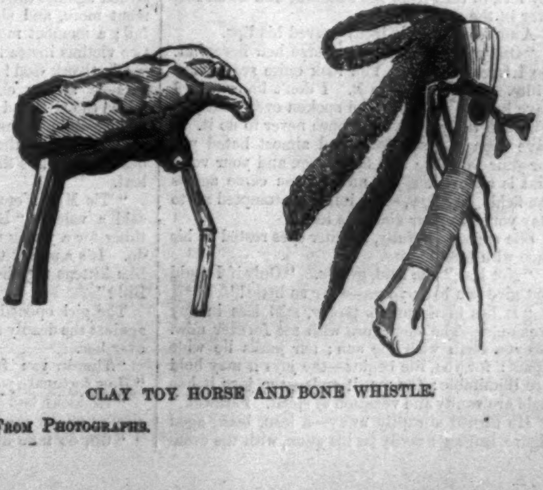
Tab-e-Nash is a son of the old chief **Washington**, and as bad a boy as can be ordinarily brought forward, being treacherous, and devoid of principle in many respects, which is an exception to the rest of the tribe.

Douglas, or **Quin-cor-ruck-unt**, a leading chief of the White River or Yampa band, is also inclined to be peaceable, but being a man possessed of little force of character, has not been able to restrain his followers from deeds of violence.

The relief of the remnant of Major **Thornburgh**'s command, who after his death intrenched themselves, under Captain **Payne**'s orders, behind their wagons and dead horses, was accomplished in the most gallant manner by the troops under General **Merritt**. Their march across a difficult country was a marvel of endurance. During the twenty-four hours before they reached the beleaguered band they marched seventy miles. The conduct of Captain **Dodge**'s company of colored cavalry was heroic. On hearing of the peril of their comrades they instantly set out for their relief, and on reaching the spot made a gallant charge through the surrounding Indian lines, losing nearly all their horses and several of their number in killed and wounded. Their brave conduct should set at rest forever the silly sneers against colored soldiers, in which some people still persist. Their valor was proven during the late civil war on many memorable occasions. The brave fellows who were holding out against fearful odds, with every prospect of annihilation, will always bear emphatic testimony to the fighting qualities of their colored comrades.


BEADED TOBACCO POUCH AND NECKLACE.


INDIAN DRAWINGS.


CLAY TOY HORSE AND BONE WHISTLE.

THE UTE WAR—PORTRAITS OF CHIEFS—TOYS, DRAWINGS, ETC.—From Photographs.

"WITH A SILVER LINING."

I.

A girl came singing through a field of poppies as the sunset gilded the western sky.

Everywhere around her glowed the deep intense scarlet of the brilliant blossoms. Above her head were depths of purple shadow and amber light, and over all brooded the dreamy stillness and tender hush that so often fill the day's last hour.

The girl made a fair living picture amidst the glow and fervor of that sunset scene, as she moved through it all with a certain deer-like grace peculiarly her own, while her lips sang for very gladness, as a bird carols its matin praises in the dawn of a spring day. The song rang out sweet and clear over the quiet fields; it reached the ears of a group of farm laborers returning home from their work, and made them pause a moment to listen, saying, smiling to one another as they stood, "'Tis Miss Vera, sure eno'. God bless her!"

It came in its fresh young melody to a man who stood on the white level road beyond the corn fields—a man old, and bent, and withered with age, with a hard cold face and dreary eyes, who leaned on his stick, and shaded his sight from the sun-rays, and watched the girl coming swiftly and joyously toward him, as he seldom had watched any human thing.

As she saw him the music left her tongue. Her step grew slower, and as his keen eyes swept over her face she half paused, apparently doubting whether to speak or not. She knew him well by sight, but hitherto he had always avoided her.

"Singing again!" he said, in a voice as harsh and cold as his face. "Are you so glad? One never sees you without a smile on your lips—a song on your tongue."

She flushed slightly.

"Yes, I am glad," she answered, simply.

"And why?—can you tell me that? Have you so much to make you?"

"I have health, youth, love. Are they not life's fairest gifts?"

"So fools say."

"And wise men too, I fancy," the girl said, gently. "But whether or no, if they make one glad, should they not be valued? The old seem so often to think that the light-heartedness of youth is a reproach to themselves. I wonder why."

"Do you mean that I think so?" he asked, with a contemptuous smile. "I envy none their youth—not even their gladness. I know how swiftly the one flies, the other fades. There is nothing good in life; the illusions of youth are the veriest vanity. Some day you too will say with me, 'There is nothing left; let me curse Heaven and die!'"

The girl's face grew very pale,

"Oh, never that!" she said, sorrowfully. "Never words so despairing, or so—wrong!"

The last word was spoken gently and humbly. It was so daring of her, she felt, to upbraid one so far beyond her in years, in knowledge, in experience.

"Wrong!" he said, bitterly, as he stood and looked across the flaming scarlet of the poppies to where the last sun-rays lingered in the west. "What do you know of wrong or right—of life—of the future—of any one of the things that lie hidden in the heart of unfolded years, as the color and fragrance of the flower lie in the closed bud? Listen!" And he laid his withered hand on her arm, and turned her bright young face toward him. "Listen, child! I was young once, and glad and trustful as you are. To me too there seemed never a cloud on the sky; never a pain in the heart; never an evil or a sin that could turn life to hell, and love to hate, and joy to sorrow. But even as that cloud above us creeps over the sky's radiance and covers the sunset's gold, so surely did a cloud of shame and suffering darken my fate, destroy my illusions. So surely will a like cloud throw its gloom over you, and every creature like you who goes forth on life's journey with blind eyes and credulous heart, to learn, as I have learned, that of all things life holds, the only thing that lives, and enjoys, and prospers, is—Evil."

She looked at him sorrowfully. He was so old, and sad, and desolate. His words hurt her; their chill darkened her simple joyousness even as the cloud to which he had pointed darkened the glowing colors of the sky. For a moment she was silent.

"To say such words, and believe them," she said, gently, "one must have known great sorrow. I do not understand them quite. God is too good to let mankind suffer more than they can bear, more than He deems just. But for you I am sorry. It must be so terrible to know life has no joy left, to turn from the sunshine and dwell forever in the shadows."

A smile of terrible irony curved his lips.

"One would look for no worse hell hereafter. Do I frighten you? You look quite scared and white. I can not help it. I don't know why I have broken my word and spoken even gently to a human thing. I vowed once never to do it. I have seen you so often, and almost hated you for your fair face and light step, and your voice that is always happy; and as you came across the fields just now, some impulse prompted me to stay you. Is your gladness less?"

She smiled wistfully, and her eyes rested on his face with infinite pity.

"Not less," she said, gently. "Only if I could but give you back yours—ever so little!"

"It lies in no man's power, still less in any woman's. The clouds are with me forever now. Go you forth with the sun; our paths lie wide apart: for you, life begins—the joys it may hold are illimitable; for me, it ends—the joys it has held are vanity and vexation of spirit. Farewell."

He turned abruptly away—a lean, bent, aged figure, leaning heavily on his stick, with the evening light touching his scanty silvered hair and brown trembling form. The girl, moved by some sudden impulse, followed him.

"Do not shun me again," she said, imploringly. "I have seen you so often, and I live so near; and they say you are always alone. It must be so sad."

"It is my own wish," he said, almost fiercely. "As for being sad, one need not come to eighty years to find life that."

Half proudly, half regretfully, she turned away. As she did so her eyes rested on the pale soft tints of the evening sky, from whence the glow and fervor of sunset had faded.

"Look!" she cried, eagerly, as her outstretched hand pointed upward. "Look! the cloud is still there, but it has a silver lining."

The old man went on his way. The girl moved silently and sadly along the quiet fields, and through a narrow shady road, and across a wooden bridge which brought her to her home.

A very simple little place it was; a mere cottage, rented from a miller near by, and just large enough for her father and herself. He was an old and studious recluse, and she was his only child. He had lived here in this quiet world-forgotten village for a score of years, with only his books for companions since his wife had died and left his married life like a dream-memory to him ever afterward—so short it was and sweet.

The tiny home was very dear to him, and to his child also. She loved to think of the fair young mother who had gladdened it for those two brief sunny years—to trace her footsteps in the garden paths, her presence in the dainty rooms, her taste in the arrangement of the interior, and her skill in the miniature garden which she had planned and cultured, and where pure white lily cups, and gloire de Dijon roses, and the scarlet glow of geraniums, and the flush of flowering creepers colored and embowered the tiny dwelling. To the girl the whole place was always beautiful in a simple, quiet, dreamy way, which had grown with her growth, and had altered itself to her fancies, whether it lay like a fairy bride-cake in winter, or a fragrant garden-world in summer, with azure and purple winged butterflies sporting in the flower bells, and the velvet-coated bees humming their endless song in the hearts of honey blossoms.

She and her father were always together; always companions and friends to each other; always united in interest as in heart; always inseparable in pursuits both learned and simple.

As she crossed the wooden bridge now, she stood for an instant to listen to the rush and music of the deep mill water, and to watch it break over the rocks, and dash in a million foam bells against the huge wheel; then turning her eyes in the other direction, she saw a figure sitting at some distance up the bank, fishing.

The sight was not an uncommon one; tourists and anglers often found their way here, and the deep river was full of pike and other smaller fish. Her eyes rested carelessly enough on this man, sitting motionless and attentively there, with his rod clasped in his hands, and his gaze fixed on the river before him. While she watched she saw him suddenly rise, retreat a few steps, and then, with a short quick run, take a flying leap to a rock in the middle of the water, evidently intending to take his seat there instead of fishing from the bank. Whether he had measured the distance falsely, or whether his foot slipped on the slippery rock, she could not tell, but in a second she saw him submerged in the rushing depths, and whirled like a straw in her own direction.

"Great Heaven! the mill-wheel!" she gasped, standing paralyzed for an instant by the intense horror of that thought.

The current set firm and strong in that direction. In a moment he would be beneath the bridge on which she stood, and whirled onward till the fierce waters would suck him into their whirlpool, and the cruel wheel would hold him in its grasp. The horror of the situation flashed through her brain like lightning. Without a moment's pause, a second's consideration, she stooped under the railing of the bridge, which was so low it was within two feet of the water.

Holding on to one of the beams for support, she let herself drop, and as the water whirled him beneath she seized the collar of his coat and held it fast.

The strain on her power was terrible. Her wrists were wrenched like a pulley as they supported his weight below and her own weight above. The sound of the water in her ears was like the roar of a furious sea. She cried aloud for help, with an agonized prayer in her heart that it might reach the miller or some of his laborers returning home.

The man was quite stunned; she could see a deep red gash on his forehead, which must have struck against the rock in that fatal leap. A moment more, and she feared her strength would fail; a moment more, and the river would hold two victims instead of one. A moment—

Oh, thank God! thank God! A shout in her ears—a strong clasp—a helping hand which seized the stiff and lifeless weight in her numbed and straining grasp. A moment and she was drawn back on the bridge, with a face white as death, and limbs that trembled like a wind-tossed leaf.

"'Tis Miss Vera from the cottage, as I live," said a voice. "Bless us and save us! what a thing for a young weak thing like her to go and do. It's a mussy the two on 'em weren't drowned like kittens together! Wasn't it plucky, though, Bill?"

The girl opened her eyes, and nerved herself against the deadly sickness and faintness creeping over her.

"Thank you for your bravery," she said. "How fortunate you were near! Is he safe?"

"He looks bad—nigh dead, I should say," answered one of the men.

"Oh, do take him to the cottage!" she cried, eagerly, as she raised herself and staggered to her feet. "My father will reward you for your brave action. Where should we be now if it were not for you!"

Her unconscious coupling of the man she had saved with her own self, her anxious compassionate gaze at his white still face, her shudder of terror at the river as its noise struck on her ear, all spoke of a new and vivid interest—a life roused from its quiet slumbers to an awakening whose deeper import she had yet to learn.

The men touched their hats and bent down to the prostrate, senseless figure at their feet. They raised him in their arms, and bore him before her to the cottage, with its flush of summer bloom and its calm of summer peace.

As they entered, the girl looked up at the sky overhead. The cloud had floated onward, and stood directly over her own home. There was no silver lining to its sombre darkness now.

II.

All night in the summer stillness came the song of a nightingale from among the roses. All night with feverish restlessness a man tossed on his couch of pain. All night in the silver moonrays a girl lay awake and uneasy, with throbbing veins still strained and aching from that terrible weight, with sleepless eyes that would not close, and a strange dull foreboding in her heart that had never chilled its glad young beats before.

"Was life really so sad?" she wondered. "Did it hold pain so great and woe so deep that the heart turned to bitterness, and joy to grief, and love to hate? Would the cloud shadow her own life too, since the old man had told her none could escape?"

Through all her dreams this one thought ran, haunting her, saddening her, chilling her natural joyousness, disturbing her natural gayety, which had been hitherto the gayety of a child knowing naught of evil, dreading naught of pain.

With the morning her father sought the stranger's side, and dressed his wound with some of the old medical skill that he had never forgotten, though he had long ceased to practice as a physician. It was then that, for the first time, the young man learned the story of his danger and rescue, and heard with mingled wonder and admiration of the heroism to which he owed his life.

"What can I say?" he murmured, as the story ended, and the old man's voice trembled with emotion over the recital of his darling's bravery and deadly peril. "No words, no acts, can ever repay such a debt. I wonder you do not hate me, seeing in my fool-hardiness such risk to the life you love so well."

"She is my only child—my all," said the old man, tenderly. "To have lost her—well, there lives for me no word to paint the agony of that thought. And yet, I would not have had her act otherwise. In Heaven's sight are not all lives equal?"

"There would have been none to mourn me," said his companion, sadly. "My existence is of small value in comparison with what hers seems to you."

"Ay, Heaven be praised, she was spared!" was the fervent ejaculation. "But you are overyoung to talk of being so little missed or cared for."

"Nevertheless, it is quite true. I am utterly friendless. My life has been hard, loveless, toilsome: it is of small account to any one but myself."

"I hope you do not follow the cant of the day," rejoined the old man, somewhat sternly, "and allow there is no good or desirable thing in life now, and therefore waste its fairest and freshest years in the exhaustion of folly—the lawlessness of sin."

"No; I do not hold such views. But to exhaust the follies of life and to follow its lawlessness one must be rich enough to reckon no cost, or vicious enough to stay for no better impulse. I am certainly not the one, for I am a poor man, and live by my wits. I hope I am not the other, since amidst a life that has always been hard, and a youth that has always been lonely, I have still kept faith in Heaven, and pity for man, and reverence for woman."

"Have you a mother?"

A dark shade clouded the frank young face.

"She is dead," he said. "As for other relatives, my father has disowned me. I do not even bear or know his name. Brother or sister I never possessed. I am quite alone. I believe I am entitled to be called a gentleman. I gain my bread by painting, or doing illustrations for periodicals. I live most of the year in London, and have come to this village for a month's rest, as my health has not been strong of late. There is my history, Sir. It is all my introduction."

"And quite enough," said the old man, heartily. "Your face is too frank and open to deceive, and I am quite sure your heart is honest too."

He shook hands cordially with the guest so strangely brought beneath his roof, and then bade him come to the little sitting-room when he felt sufficiently rested.

"You will find Vera there," he said, in his genial, kindly tones, that were so frank in their cordiality, so trustful in their welcome. "My daughter, I mean."

"May I ask the favor of your name?" said the young man, smiling. "Mine is Keith Brandon. I do not know whom I have the honor of addressing."

"My name is Ashford: it used to bear the appendix of Doctor, but I have dropped it long since."

"I am not to use it, then?" questioned Keith.

"If you wish, certainly. But most of the people here know me only as 'Mister,' or 'Maister,' as they pronounce it. Now I really must be off. You are sure you are strong enough to come down stairs?"

"Quite sure. Why, gratitude alone would give me strength, were I not all curiosity to see one who with a woman's weakness unites a man's heroism."

"You must not spoil Vera's simplicity by fine words and London manners," said the old man, with sudden gravity, as he stood at the door and looked back at the handsome face and strong erect young figure in the room beyond.

"Do not be alarmed," was the gentle response. "I reverence the simplicity and guilelessness of a true woman beyond all earthly things."

"You were no true man if you did not," said Dr. Ashford, gravely; and he closed the door and went down stairs to Vera with his usual calm face and tender smile.

"How is he?" the girl asked, eagerly, as she came up and kissed him.

"Much better. He is coming down stairs presently. He is anxious to see you, and thank you for your bravery. Oh, my dear! my dear! I tremble even now at the thought of it. If help had not come!"

"Why trouble yourself over possibilities, father?" said Vera, gently. "Help did come, and there is no need to tremble. Your child is safe here, and likely to plague you a good while longer."

The old man smiled lovingly at the bright, beautiful face.

"May Heaven send all fathers such plagues!" he said, tenderly. "What happy homes there would be, my darling!"

"You will make me vain with so much praise," she said, merrily. "Come along and have breakfast. I had better send some up for the invalid, I suppose?"

"Indeed, no, Miss Ashford; the invalid is here to answer for himself."

At the sound of the voice she turned, the sunlight wavering over her delicate face, the look of startled wonder and of glad surprise still lighting her soft shy eyes. They looked at each other.

As their eyes met—as their hands touched—as their lips opened in the old trite world-worn greeting which we use to strangers as to friends, so surely something deeper awoke in each heart—something sweeter spoke in each glance. Then their hands loosed their clasp; but the feelings, startled into sudden life, never loosed their fast, sure links, riveted in that one brief moment, that one lingering look.

"So you have found a sweetheart?"

Vera was standing by the corner of a little brown shallow brook, fringed with tall bullrushes and waving willow stems. She started as the words fell on her ear, and looked round at the speaker. The old man whom she had met in the poppy fields some three weeks before, "the miser of the Glebe," as the villagers all called him, was standing a short distance off, leaning on his stick, and scanning her with malicious eyes and a sneering smile.

The girl's face flushed slightly beneath his scrutiny.

"What do you mean?" she asked him.

"You are still happy, are you not?"

She lifted her eyes to his with a dreamy wistful regard.

"I am very happy."

"And who is the handsome stranger who is always by your side now? I heard of your folly in nearly sacrificing your life for his. Of course, woman-like, you will complete it by giving that life to him hereafter, to guard or wreck as he pleases."

She flashed on him a look of such startled pain, such speechless anger, as made the mockery of his own eyes fade.

"You have nothing to do with my actions," she said, haughtily. "I scarcely think you mean to insult me, but your words are, to say the least of them, unwarrantable and incomprehensible."

He laughed.

"I thought nothing in the way of admiration was incomprehensible to women. I scarcely suppose your new friend has been with you so constantly, and left you unaware of your own attractions. You must know that you are beautiful."

The proud eyes swept over his face in calm surprise.

"You are the first person who ever told me so."

"Is your lover so cold, then—or so blind?"

"How dare you use such words to me?" she said, with sudden anger in her voice, and a certain shame in her pained young heart. "You have no right—"

"Save my experience and your ignorance."

She shrank away with a movement of aversion.

"You need not remind me of that. If experience turns all fair and holy things to bitterness and contempt, I pray I may never exchange my ignorance for it!"

The keen eyes of the old man sparkled with malignant mirth. He liked to rouse the gentleness and calm of this girl's spirit to something more akin to wrath and bitterness than she herself was aware of.

"Keep that ignorance, then, my dear," he said, ironically, as she moved away with a slight bow of farewell. "Keep it with its twin sister—content. When you part with them, your life's happiness goes too."

She made no answer, but turned away, hurt and pained, and left him by the brook-side in the evening shadows.

But as she went homeward she could not forget his words. They had stirred her heart from its rest; they had left her with memories whose innocent shame tortured her as nothing in all her bright glad life had ever done before. Hitherto her heart had leaped to the gladness of youth, the mere sense of living and enjoying the simple innocent life she had known. Now a new element had arisen in that life, and through the golden haze of pure faiths, and trustful hopes, and fairy dreams, another face looked back to hers, another future met and paused beside her own.

The old man's words had shown her this, and left her disturbed and saddened all at once. This stranger whose life she had saved, whose presence had haunted her for these few short weeks, had grown unaccountably dear, though no word of love or glance of passion had lived in his speech or look.

She did not know—how could she?—the conflict that he waged each day, each hour, that found him in her presence. She could not guess how hard it was to restrain every look and every word that might betray his own secret. She did not know that being in his own sight a nameless, obscure, toiling son of fortune, he therefore deemed it dishonorable to awaken either interest or regard for himself in the girl's fancies, knowing that to take—or seek to take—her from the safety and innocence of her sheltered life, and ask her to battle with him through the stern and sordid ordeal which his own future represented, was a thing utterly impossible to his generous impulses and his chivalrous love. Therefore he guarded himself so closely, and betrayed by no word or sign the weakness that at times she unconsciously tempted almost beyond endurance. Therefore it was that he said to himself as he wrestled with a love that every day but strengthened and increased, "I will leave her unwooed. So best!"

Perhaps some vague hope of a future when he might win her arose at times in his heart—some vision of a fame he might touch, a fortune he might secure. Then, he told himself, he might speak. Now it looked to him unmanly to do so.

"She will never know," he thought; "she is but a child still."

But do what he might, he could not forget her—he could not care for her less. With one look she had shattered the serenity of his whole previous life, and left to him a memory that was precious and painful both in one, and had given him along with its preciousness a weary self-contest that brought but little hope of peace, but little care for victory. For he loved her too well to forget, and between them lay a barrier that it would be the work of years to overthrow, the foe of many a youthful love—poverty.

He had grown accustomed to shifts and straits for himself; to go without meals; to deny himself all but bare necessaries; to live from hand to mouth, toiling, working, struggling, fighting single-handed in a great city's warfare; but to ask her to share such a life, or risk such straits, with only his arm to lean on, his love to recompense, was what he had no courage to do.

He was her debtor. Could he ask her to take such recompense as this? Could he repay thus the noble heroism that had risked life in his service without a thought of consequence?

All the manhood in him rebelled against the thought. He crushed down the impotent desires that stung him to madness—the passionate longings which strove ever and always to tear aside the mask of impassiveness he wore—the regrets that no power of his own could lull to rest.

"I must leave her," he told himself. "I can not, dare not, stay here longer. With each day my strength grows less."

Even as the words were on his lips he met her face to face.

She was coming home with the old man's taunts still fresh in her memory—with the shame his words had awakened still burning in her innocent heart.

As she saw him the color flushed from brow to throat. Her eyes drooped. The usual welcome died on her lips unspoken.

"I am glad I have met you," he said, with his usual courteous gentleness. "I was about to call at the cottage to say farewell. I leave to-morrow."

She started slightly. Had he but looked at her, he would have seen the sudden pallor of the sweet face, the flash of pain in the wistful eyes. But he was looking far beyond, to where the sun-rays touched the river's quiet breast with slanting bars of gold.

"It is sudden, is it not?" she said at length.

Her voice sounded cold because of its hard-won firmness, her cheek flushed back to warmth with sudden pride.

"Yes," he answered, looking at her face now, but unable to meet the eyes she steadfastly averted. "It is sudden. I am grieved to go. I have been so happy here. I shall never forget this place, or you."

A few moments later she stood there alone, her eyes on a retreating figure, her hands clasped tight on her fast-throbbing heart.

With all her pain a thrill of gladness mingled.

"The cloud has a silver lining," she said, softly. "He said he would return."

And with the music of those words in her memory, she passed across the yellow corn fields and took the pathway home.

"I am sorry young Brandon has gone," said the old doctor that evening, as, leaning on Vera's arm, he paced up and down the little garden. "I shall miss him very much."

Vera was silent.

"I wish I could have learned more of his history," resumed her father. "He goes by his mother's name. She never would tell him his father's. She had been cruelly wronged, and driven from his roof with her infant son, and only the charity of strangers stood between her and starvation. From what Keith says, she must have been a noble woman."

"And she is dead now?"

"Yes, my child, dead—with her honor tarnished by a cruel lie, and her son's life darkened by an unmerited shame. It is very sad, very sad."

"How clever he is! He has such great gifts!" sighed the girl, with unconscious pathos.

"Yes, he is both gifted and noble. But he is so poor, and in the world genius always suffers in the grasp of poverty—it is a mortal foe. The man who can dower genius with success lives in a palace; the man who owns it, in a hovel. The one who buys is great; the one who creates may want bread, or be thankful for a beggar's crust. Yes, it is strange, but true."

"There is not much happiness, then, in the world?" questioned the girl, to whom all knowledge of its miseries and sins and woes was alike unknown.

"My dear, there is happiness everywhere for those who seek it aright; but it is a word of many meanings, and the true meaning is only—there!"

He pointed up to the radiant heavens as they stretched in cloudless calm above his head. The girl's face grew awed and pale as she looked at him, then suddenly she drew his arms around her and laid her head upon his breast.

"You have made all my life's happiness for me," she said. "How good you are!—how good!"

"My love, none are that," he said, tenderly. "Being mortals, and being weak through sin within, and beset by sin without, how could it be otherwise?"

"Do you know anything of the old man at the Glebe?" asked Vera presently. "He speaks to me sometimes, but he is very hard and very bitter."

"I only know him by what the people here say," answered her father—"that he is miserly and eccentric, and lives quite alone, save for the old witch-like woman who attends to his simple wants. I have never exchanged words with him since I lived here."

"I feel so sorry for him," continued the girl, pityingly. "And he talks so strangely to me always. He seems to resent the mere fact of my being glad and light-hearted as an injury to himself. He warned me one day that every life had its shadow—its days of woe and darkness and grief—that mine would come too. If they do—Papa! papa! what is it?"

The awful agonized cry that left her lips was echoed by a groan of mortal agony. The old man's feeble form seemed to slip from her childish arms, and he lay on the grass at her feet like a felled log, in the grasp of that terrible foe—paralysis.

The girl's shrieks quickly brought the old woman-servant from the house, but their united strength was unequal to the task of carrying that helpless burden. Aid had to be procured from the village, and medical assistance summoned; but the old doctor's great age rendered science of no avail. He lived for a week unconscious, then died in his child's arms.

Over her life the cloud and darkness of a great sorrow had indeed fallen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

OCTOBER, in bringing some beautiful yet unseasonably warm weather, seems to have been attempting to personate September—perhaps in return for September's having brought an untimely frost. But October, with its glowing, gorgeous mantle of gold and crimson, whose varied and brilliant hues gleam in the mellow sunshine with such peculiar glory, can never be mistaken for any other than itself—one of the most charming of all the months. The ripening fruits; the brown nuts that lie beneath the trees; the gay autumnal foliage, and also the rustling leaves, which, dying, fall to the ground; the air, cool and crisp at morning, mild and mellow at noonday; the clear-cut hills and mountains rising against the deep blue of the heavens—these and numberless distinctive features of October make out-door life, especially in the country, a joy and a refreshment to mind and body.

Irish discontent was shown in the recent attack made upon the land agent of the Marquis of Sligo while he was driving with his son near Mulranny, a town not far from Castlebar. A fierce struggle ensued; but the agent and his son escaped, not, however, until one of the assailants was killed. The Marquis of Headfort has received letters threatening violence unless his rents are reduced.

Reports indicate that the Emperor of Russia is suffering greatly from mental fatigue. The political and social condition of Russia is certainly not conducive to a peaceful state of the Czar's mind.

In November there will be a "Seventh Regiment Fair" opened in the new armory building, which is promised to be "one of the most brilliant social events of the season."

An exchange gives the following peculiarities, which will indicate the differences between the new counterfeit five-dollar note on the National State Bank of Troy, New York, and the genuine note: The counterfeit has the name of "John C. New, Treasurer," and a pointed seal. The genuine note bearing the same name has a scalloped seal, and the words "Series of 1875" in colored ink, which the counterfeit has not. The genuine issue of this bank which has the pointed seal bears the name of "F. E. Spinner, Treasurer." In the counterfeit the word "Treasury" under the name of Allison is spelled "Treusury."

"The Benedict," a structure nearly completed on the south side of Washington Square, in this city, and designed for single gentlemen, contains thirty-seven different suites of apartments. The building is six stories high, with also a basement, and is fire-proof throughout.

The five directors of the City of Glasgow Bank, recently released from prison, were rather too warmly received by the people. The services of the police were needed to protect them from violence. It will be remembered that these directors were convicted of giving false abstracts of balance-sheets, and, as we understand, their release was procured on the ground of social position—a very poor ground upon which to make distinctions in regard to the enforcement of laws.

There is every prospect, it is said, of an open winter in the arctic regions. The American arctic expedition arrived at St. Lawrence Bay, Behring Strait, on August 25, and reported fine, mild weather, with no ice there except the old land ice of last winter clinging to the shore-line.

The astronomical editor of the Providence *Journal* says: "The planetary interest for the month centres again around the movements of the shining trio Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars. On the moonless evenings during the middle of the month they will be beautiful to behold, marking out with golden points the position of the ecliptic, and girdling the heavens. Jupiter will then be sinking to the west with diminishing lustre, Saturn moving overhead in his brightest phase, and Mars rising in the east with an increasing glow of ruddy light." Venus is morning star this month, and early risers will be rewarded if they take the trouble to watch the course of this most beautiful member of our planetary system.

A Western gentleman who has gained some celebrity for accuracy as a weather calculator informs the public that October will be quite warm and showery; November a conglomerate mixture of all kinds of weather, but not very cold; December, like November, "only more so"—warm, wet, disagreeable, with short and sharp cold snaps; January, 1880, warm, wet, muddy, with some cold weather; February, considerable rain and snow, and a moderate amount of cold; March, changeable, rather wet, and moderately cold. Whether this Western horoscope will be at all fulfilled in this vicinity remains to be proved.

Experiments have been made at Washington with the view of lighting the Hall of the House of Representatives with the electric light.

During his recent tour General Grant has been received by a large number of princes and potentates with marks of distinction: by Queen Victoria, King Leopold of Belgium, the Khedive of Egypt, the Sultan of Turkey, King Humbert of Italy, Pope Leo XIII., President McMahon of France, the King of Holland, Emperor William of Germany, Prince Bismarck, King Oscar of Sweden, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, King Alfonso of Spain, President Grévy of France, M. Gambetta, Viceroy Lytton of India, King Thebaw of Burmah, Prince Kung of China, the Emperor of Siam, and the Mikado of Japan.

The scandal developed in discussions concerning the validity of wills might lead the possessors of wealth to learn some useful lessons, among which may be mentioned these: Gifts to charitable objects, if made by the donor while living, will accomplish more good than if left to be distributed by executors and lawyers, who usually manage to get a large slice themselves; besides, in the former case, the donor can have the satisfaction of *seeing* the beneficial results of his charity. Wills should be made when in good health, if possible, before disease or old age impairs the powers. The time has gone by for even the most superstitious to indulge the idea that he will die any sooner for having made his will.

About six thousand slaves have been set free by slave-holders in Cuba, according to recent information from Havana. The owners made a contract to secure their services for five years. It is said that other slave-holders intend to follow this example.

Among the benevolent institutions of Gonesse, a suburb of Paris, is an "asylum for aged domesticated animals." Among its inmates are a thirty-six-year-old cow, a twenty-five-year-old pig, and a goat of eighteen. The senior member of the institution is a mule aged forty.

A young Nihilist girl, named Gobieslawska, made her escape from the police of Moscow in a novel way. The officers had discovered the house in which she was concealed, and were about to make the arrest, when to their surprise they saw a balloon rising from the garden. It was soon ascertained that it contained the object of their search and two men, who rapidly disappeared, leaving the officers to gaze helplessly and disconsolately after them.

Vyestnik Russkikh Evreef is a new weekly journal published in St. Petersburg. It is to be devoted to the interests of the Russo-Jewish community.

More than ten thousand standard books are now upon the shelves of the new Library Hall of the New York Academy of Medicine. This hall was dedicated and formally opened a few evenings ago by the officers and trustees of the Academy and their friends. Dr. Fordyce Barker, the president, opened the exercises by a few congratulatory remarks, after which the reports of the committees were read. Dr. Barker then made an address, in the course of which he unveiled the marble bust of Spencer Wells, of London, and presented to the Academy a president's chair, a reading-desk, and a secretary's table. Addresses from Dr. Henry W. Acland, president of the British Medical Council, from Dr. Willard Parker, Dr. Austin Flint, Professor Gross, and others followed. After the exercises the guests were invited to a collation provided by Dr. Barker.

The New Testament has been translated into Japanese by the Rev. D. L. H. Gulick.

Another market has been opened for American manufactures. Quite recently a large quantity of American cloth has been purchased for India.

A vivid description of an Alpine thunder-storm is given in the London *Times*. A party of six travellers, while making the ascent of the Gross Glöckner, suddenly found themselves in the middle of a storm-cloud, and were compelled by the darkness to make a complete stop. Other parties ascending at the same time stated that the electric fluid seemed to envelop them. For a while it appeared as if there was little chance of any life being spared, and all suffered complete blindness from the overpowering intensity of the lightning. When at length sight began to return, each one appeared enveloped in fire. From the hair of their heads and beards, from their coats and hats, a stream of electric sparks was discharging itself. The cords with which their hats had, on account of the violence of the storm, been fastened to their coat buttons gave out light, while from the alpenstocks which they had stuck in the snow the electric fluid streamed out. Notwithstanding the imminent danger to which they had been exposed, none of the gentlemen were in the least injured.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE new apartment house recently built in New York for bachelors has plenty of closet room, which seems to be a waste. What does a man want of closets, so long as he does not have a wife to forbid his keeping things in the middle of the floor?

A young lawyer of Boston says that persons seeking solitude, where they can commune with their own thoughts uninterruptedly, should come to his office, where it is as quiet as the grave.

When a man sneaks into the house at midnight, and tries to get into bed without waking up the family, every stair and floor board creaks like a rusty swinging sign in a gale; but a burglar can go through the same house as noiselessly as a floating zephyr.

On the river: "What's the matter, Alfred? You look uneasy." "Well, my wife, who is fond of swimming, dived off the boat some time ago, and has not yet come to the surface; I am afraid that something must have happened to her." "How long has she been under?" "About two hours."

A paper advertises for sale a pew which "commands a view of nearly the whole congregation."

This was what a dentist, who seized a victim's molar, once said: "Piece-ably if I can, forcep-ly if I must."

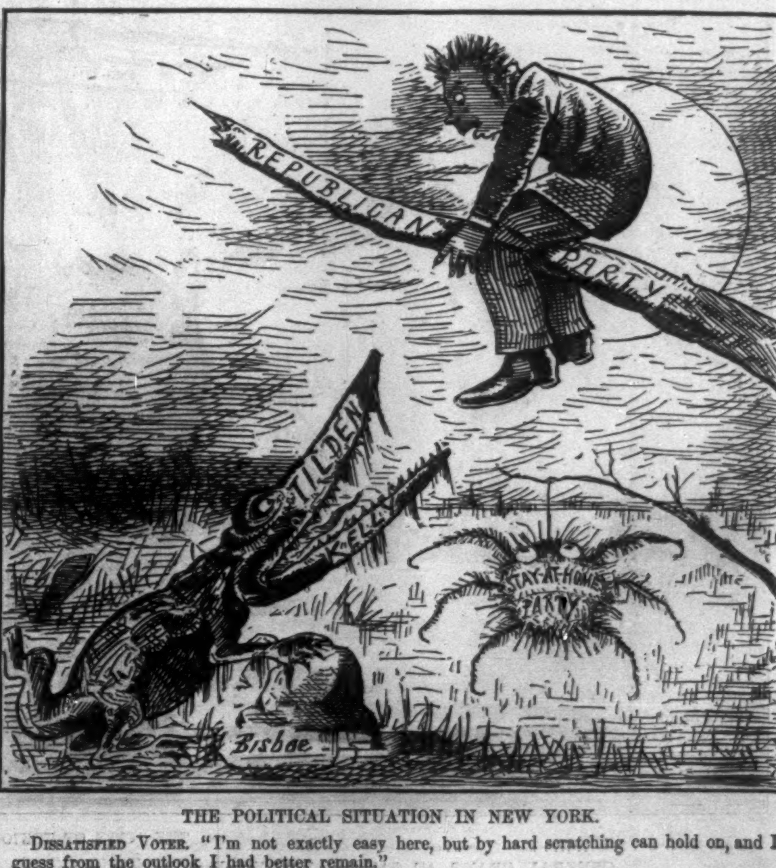
A Cleveland man, who has had several wives, says a bald-headed eagle is one that has been married.

"Doctor, examine my tongue," said a good woman, "and tell me what it needs." "It needs rest," replied the doctor.

A very weak tenor in Dublin singing feebly caused one of the gods to shout to an acquaintance across the gallery, "Corney, what noise is that?" "Bedad," said Corney, "I believe it's the gas whistlin' in the pipe."

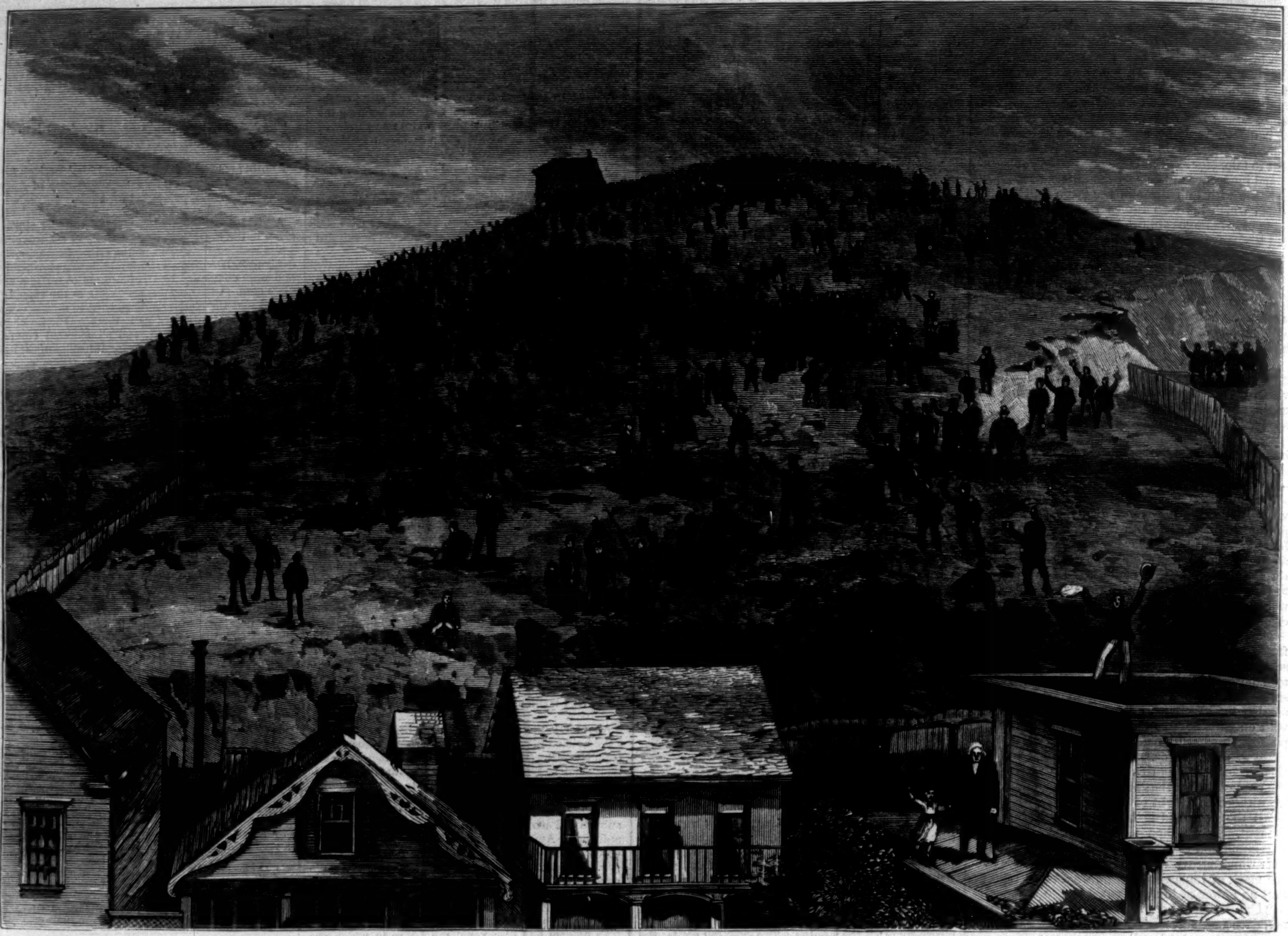
BRIDGET (*to caller*). "Will ye kape still a minnit while I look at ye? No, missis hain't to home. She told me, if a woman come with a wart on the ind av a red nose to say she wusn't home; an' there's no mistakin' that wart."

Monsieur X. and his spouse dine together. The meal is almost over, when he takes the bottle of Bordeaux, in which is left a scant half glass of liquor, and prepares to empty it into his own tumbler. "Don't, darling, don't," cries his wife, who is superstitious; "if you drink the last drop of that wine, you will be married again before the year is out, and I love you too much for that." And she empties the wine into her own glass and tosses it off.

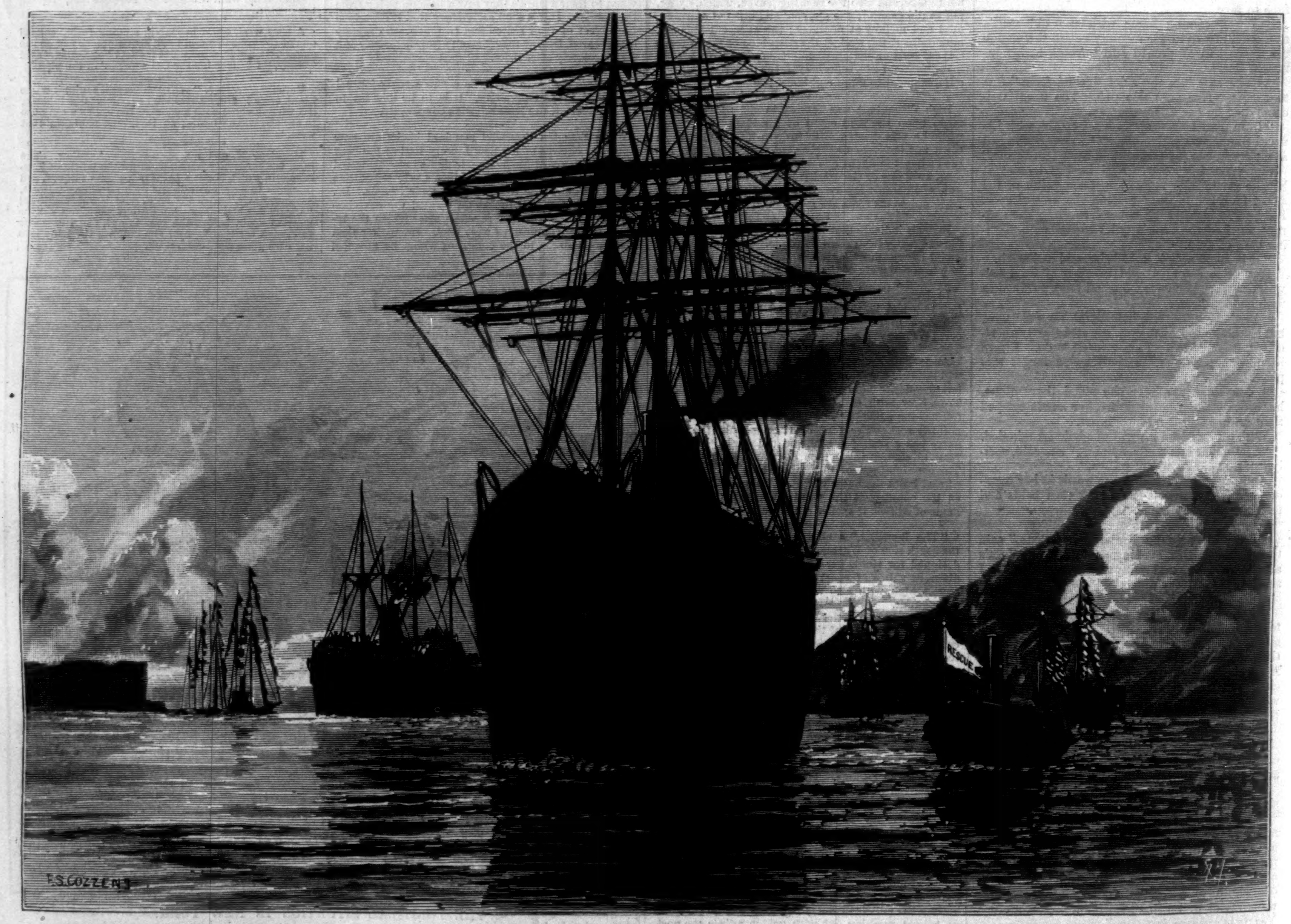


THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN NEW YORK.

DISSATISFIED VOTER. "I'm not exactly easy here, but by hard scratching can hold on, and I guess from the outlook I had better remain."

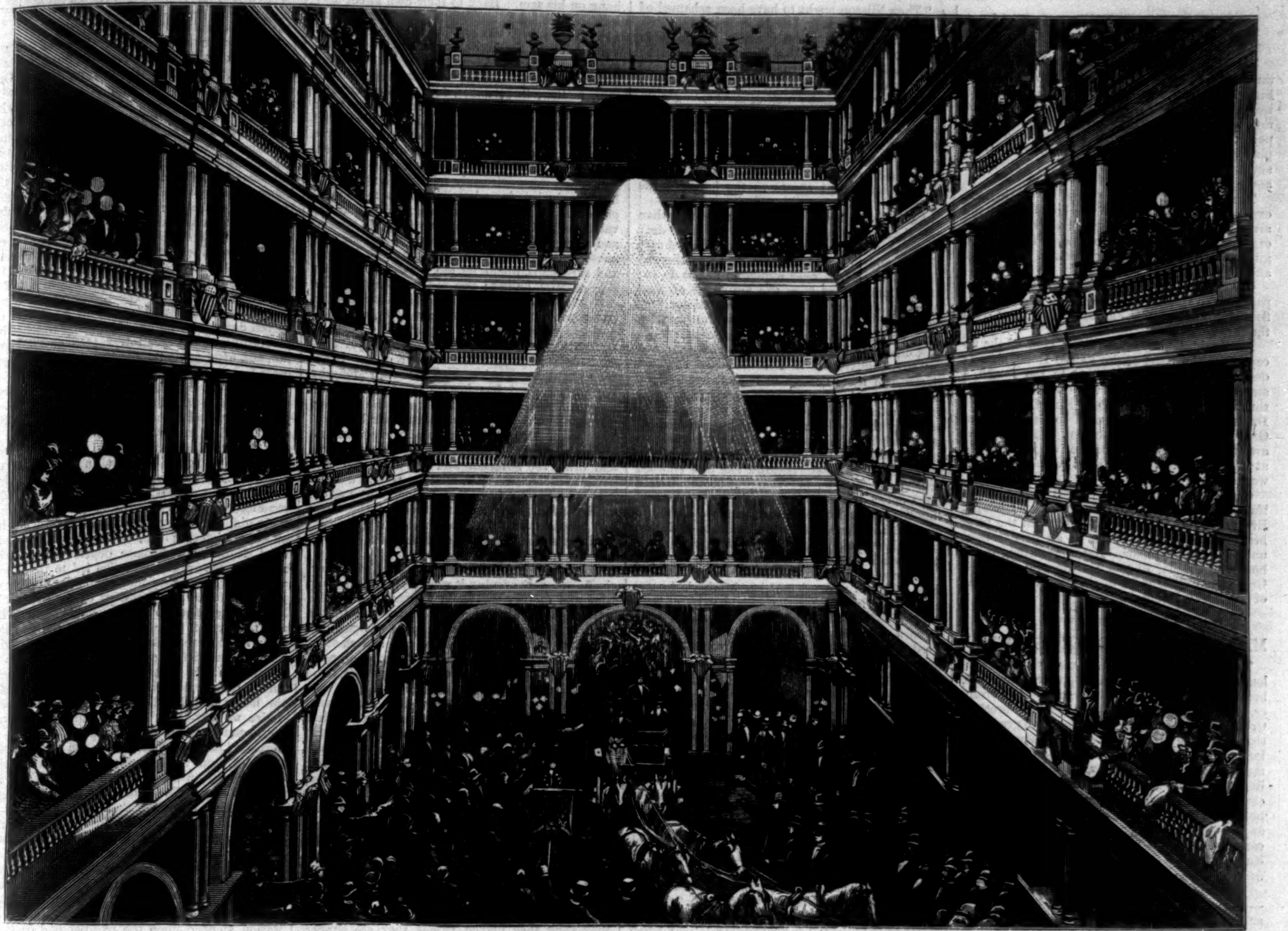


WATCHING FOR THE STEAMER.

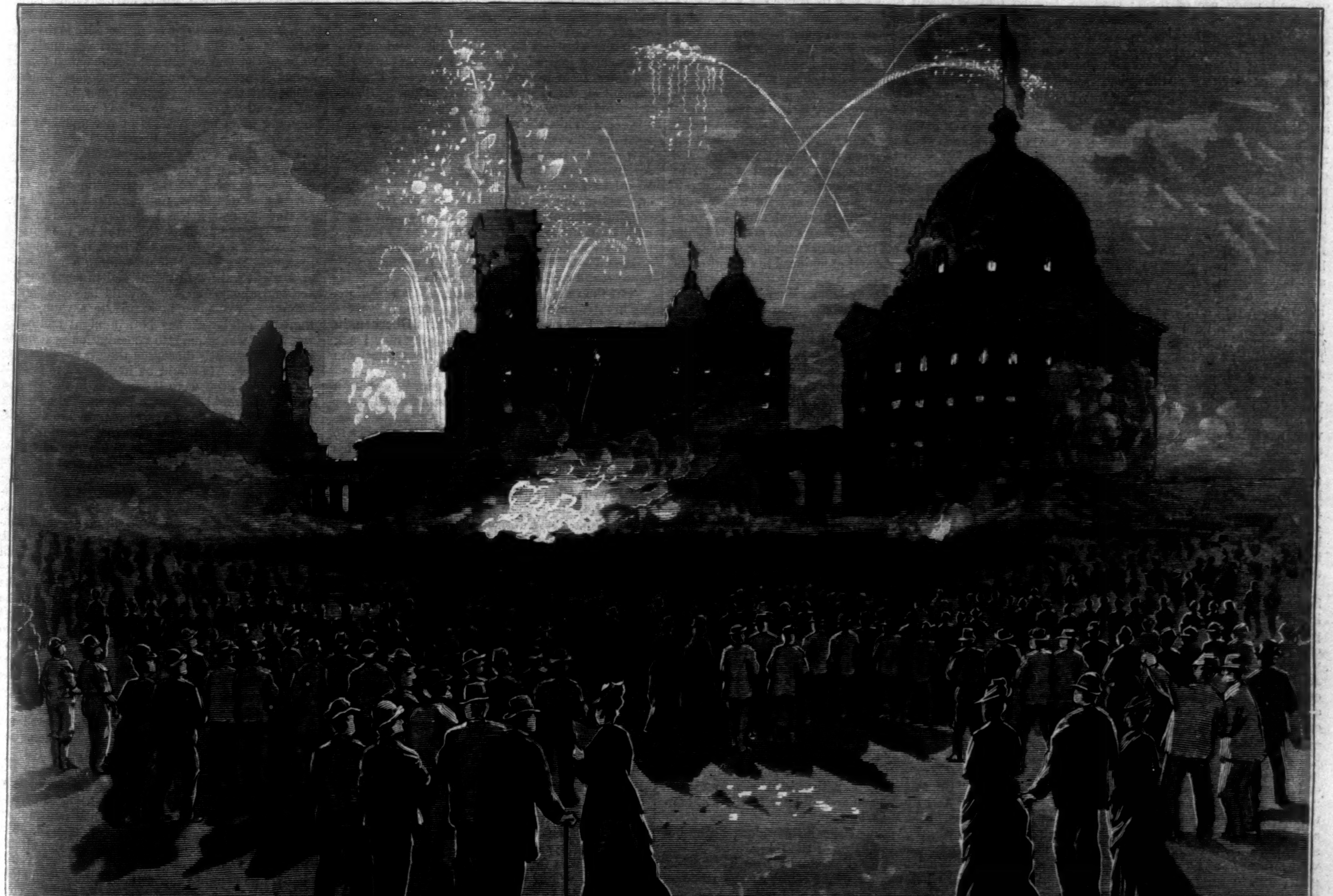


THE "CITY OF TOKIO" STEAMING UP THE BAY.

GENERAL GRANT AT SAN FRANCISCO.—From Photographs by Bradley & Rulofson, and Sketches by Tavernier and Robinson.—[See Page 850.]



THE RECEPTION AT THE PALACE HOTEL.



ILLUMINATION AND SALUTE ON THE SAND LOTS.

GENERAL GRANT AT SAN FRANCISCO.—From Photographs by Bradley & Rulofson, and Sketches by Tavernier and Robinson.—[See Page 850.]

GENERAL GRANT AT SAN FRANCISCO.

We have already given an account of the enthusiastic reception to General Grant at San Francisco, on landing from his voyage around the world, and but little more is necessary in connection with the illustrations given on our opening pages. These illustrations are engraved from photographs by Bradley & Rulofson, and from sketches made on the spot by Jules Tavernier and Charles D. Robinson.

The first picture gives a view of the heights overlooking the bay, which for hours before the arrival of the *City of Tokio* were crowded by eager watchers, straining their eyes for the first glimpse of the approaching steamer. It was an animated scene.

Our second picture shows the *City of Tokio* passing the Golden Horn, escorted by the yacht fleet and other vessels, and saluted by guns from the forts.

In the third picture we have a view of the reception in the court of the Palace Hotel, already described in the *Weekly;* and in the fourth, a striking representation of the immense and enthusiatic meeting on the noted "Sand Lots," where Denis Kearney had proposed to hang General Grant in effigy. The moment chosen by our artist was that of the firing of a grand salute at night, after a magnificent display of fireworks.

General Grant's visit to various places in California has been a continued popular triumph. Everywhere he has been received with the most hearty enthusiasm, and men of all parties have united to do him honor. Before returning to his home in Galena, Illinois, the General will visit Oregon and other parts of the country lying west of the Rocky Mountains.

MR. ORLANDO GHERKEN'S PARTY.

Tall, thin, straight, and angular was Miss Philomela Gherken; medium height, rather stout, broad-shouldered, and curvilinear was her brother, or, more properly speaking, her half-brother, Orlando. A sharp nose and chin, small gray eyes, scattered sandy hair, sallow complexion, and lipless mouth had Philomela; Orlando rejoiced in merry blue eyes, a large smile, handsome aquiline nose, abundant dark curly hair, and ruddy cheeks. Philomela spoke in a high, shrill voice, not agreeable at any time, which, when she was angry—twice a day on an average—pierced the ear like the notes of a fife; Orlando's remarks came from his chest, and reminded you of the deep bassoon.

When Philomela laughed—about once a week—she tee-heed; when Orlando laughed—as often as possible—he haw-hawed. Philomela looked after all the odds and ends of the household, although her brother's income was an excellent one, and made use of them; Orlando, had he dared, would have given them to the poor. Philomela hated company, with the exception of two or three old cronies after her own heart, and disliked music; Orlando delighted in the one, and was passionately fond of the other. Orlando filled the vases and pitchers with flowers; Philomela pounced on them as soon as the first leaf faded, and threw them away. Orlando loved children; Philomela called them (and meant it too) "horrid little nuisances." Orlando was strongly inclined to be neighborly; Philomela repelled all neighborly advances with chilling coolness. Orlando thought the young girl who lived in the house on the other street, the garden of which joined his own, very pretty and jolly—made you feel as though there was a delightful invigorating breeze about, upon which floated strains of dance and martial music; Miss Gherken said she was "dark as a mulatto" (she was several shades lighter than *café au lait*), "had eyes like a cat" (light brown, with glints of gold), "wore pounds of false hair" (only the smallest switch), "sang like a man" (a splendid alto), and was "fast." And she closed the blinds of the window—out of which, concealed by the curtain, Orlando was watching the breezy young woman play "tag" with some little visitors—with a slam that came very near being a wooden—what Tom Hood said.

"How a man of your years" (he was thirty, twenty years younger than his half-sister) "can like to look at such a tomboy I can't imagine. For my part, I think her not only fast, but insane."

"If hers be insanity," communed Orlando with himself, "it is insanity of an extremely refreshing nature, and forms an agreeable contrast to the marked sanity of sister Philomela."

And he continued to watch Miss Thomasina Somerset with unabated pleasure, thanking her in his heart for making the only really bright picture in a life spent partly in the dull monotony of a counting-room, and partly under a roof where Miss Philomela Gherken reigned supreme. And that he might gaze upon this picture as often and as long as possible, from a late he became a very early riser, because "Tom," as her brothers called her, always came bounding into the garden—the big watch-dog rushing to meet her—with the first rays of the sun. And yet he was often late to breakfast. One morning the toast and coffee were actually cold. That was the morning "Tom" had been hurling stones at a mark—throwing her arm and wrist *out* with a swing—and doing it very well, too. In the evenings he smoked his cigar on the back porch, and listened with unconcealed pleasure, in spite of his sister's glowering, to the pretty brunette's skillful playing on the piano, with an occasional dash at the banjo, which she managed with equal skill, and to which she often sang—negro melodies.

"Actually negro melodies!" exclaimed Philomela, when they first forced themselves upon her ear.

"And why not?" asked her brother. "Nilsson sang them."

"Then Nilsson ought to have been ashamed of herself," said the lady.

And often parties were given in the house in the other street, and Miss Thomasina could be seen darting about, apparently the life of the whole assemblage, or dancing with wonderful ease and grace with sundry well-dressed young men. "Popinjays!" was the term Mr. Gherken applied to these young men, especially when the dance happened to be a waltz; although why popinjays he alone knew. And merry laughter, and gay music, and sounds of clinking plates and glasses, would float across to the home of the Gherkens.

And Orlando began to wish more heartily than ever that his maiden sister did *not* feel it her duty to reside in his house and take such devoted care of him, and to doubt that his dying mother, as Philomela declared, ever requested her to do so; for his mother had been the antipodes of Miss Gherken, and he had been getting along very nicely with Mary, his widowed sister, until Philomela arrived, and Mary, sweet-tempered as she was, unable to bear her tyranny, departed.

"Great heavens! if I could only summon strength of mind enough to request her to seek another home! Her income's nearly as large as mine, and she lives here to save it, as much as anything else," soliloquized Mr. Gherken one day in the privacy of his own apartment. It was just after Philomela had called Miss Somerset "a forward young hussy" because she had climbed over the fence after her youngest brother's ball. Payn never said a truer thing than when he said that "relations, however near, who could not rub on well together, had better separate and love each other dearly through the penny-post." But he could not summon up strength of mind enough, and the second week of September, 1879, found Miss Gherken still ruler of her brother's house, as she had been since the second week of September, 1876. But the first day of the third week came a note from one of the old cronies, who lived a hundred odd miles away, entreating Philomela to come to what the writer believed to be her dying bedside, and receive the silver forks and spoons and other articles of like nature long promised to the faithful friend if she survived her. This was an appeal Miss Gherken could not withstand. In fact, she made no attempt to withstand it, for she knew if *she* failed Miss Gundrum, there were other faithful friends desirous of accumulating portable property who would hasten like "vultures" (Miss Philomela's word, not mine) to the stricken one. So, reluctantly, it must be admitted, she resolved to go, and met her brother with that resolution when he returned from business that evening. "I don't know what you will do without me," she said, drawing down the corners of her mouth (Orlando could not prevent the corners of his from turning up), "though I suppose Mary—how selfish it is of her to be paying her board to her husband's relations, when she might be paying it here to her own flesh and blood!—will be willing to come for a week (I sha'n't stay longer), and look after things. Not that she'll be much good; she has too many of *your* peculiar tastes to be anything of a housekeeper, and I've no doubt I shall find the place in a nice mess when I do get back."

And Mary was summoned, and arrived early the next morning, just as her father's eldest daughter was departing with wrinkled brow and many ominous shakes of the head. And after waiting two hours, to be sure that she had reached the Jersey shore, Mr. Gherken, who had resolved to take a holiday on this auspicious occasion, threw open all the window-blinds and let in the sunshine, bade the giggling maid (she had begun to giggle as soon as her mistress was gone) take the brown covers off the parlor furniture, opened the long-closed piano, and announced his intention of giving a party.

"It will be in your honor, Mary," he said—sly fellow—to the little widow, who was gazing at him with wide-opened, astonished eyes. "The day after to-morrow will be your birthday."

"What will Philomela say?" gasped sister Mary.

"I'll wager she'll never know anything about it," said her brother. "No one would dare to tell her. And if she should find it out, it may serve to bring matters to a crisis. However, I'm going to give a party. I've always had an idea that if left entirely to myself, I should make a capital host, but until now I have never had a chance to try. So put on your prettiest walking dress, Molly dear, and we'll call on the neighbors at once. I don't know one of them, though we've lived here since last May (Philomela wouldn't let me), but I've no doubt we can soon break the ice."

Still a little doubtful as to the wisdom of the proceeding, obedient Mary arrayed herself in her most becoming costume—and very pretty she looked, too, when so arrayed, being a miniature copy of her brother—and away they went to the house in the other street first, of course. Mrs. Somerset, a tall, fine-looking woman—mother of the stone-hurler and tag-player—received them with just perceptible surprise, which became more perceptible when Mr. Gherken announced their errand.

"A birthday party for your sister?" said she.

"*This* sister," explained the gentleman.

"Oh, this sister"—with evident relief.

"And I hope you and all your family will honor us," said Mr. Gherken.

"Oh, do," coaxed the little widow, beginning to enter into the spirit of the thing.

"We'll be there," promised Miss Thomasina, before her mother could reply, as she emerged from the bay-window, and held her hand out in a frank, boyish way to the visitors.

Mr. Gherken's face was almost as bright as the sunshine as he descended the steps of the Somerset house. "It begins well. And now for the others. Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la!" he sang, to the great delight of the blue-eyed sister who hung on his arm. Back to their own street they went, and called at number 9 (their number was 11). Mrs. Brewer was out, but the servant promised to deliver the invitation to her the moment she returned home. Then to number 13: a large family—one grandfather, two grandmothers, father, mother, three aunts, four uncles, six children—all delighted to come. Across the way: Miss Lally's boarding-house. Miss Lally would certainly be there, and thought she could answer for all her boarders—six gentlemen, four ladies, and a baby, all of whom, she assured Mr. Gherken and sister, were extremely select. Next door to boarding-house: lame boy, with inseparable companion large Newfoundland dog, mamma an invalid confined to her room, papa, orphan cousin, and nurse. Lame boy, dog, orphan cousin, and nurse only too happy to be among the invited, and sure papa would be too. Next door other side of Miss Lally's: two old gentlemen in the coal trade—office in the basement—supposed to be misers. "Your servant, Sir. Oh, *not* coal! A party? We never go to parties." Then, at Mr. Gherken's earnest solicitation, thought they might break through the rule for once. Number 7: mysterious old woman living all alone by herself. Popped her head out of the second-story window, after they had rang the bell six times, and told them to go about their business. They went. Handsome house on the corner: no one to be seen but eldest son. "Would come, and bring the governor and the girls; old lady going to a concert—'pon honor. Hadn't a doubt it would be awful fun—'pon honor." And so on, until all the people on both sides of the block had been invited. Then to the florist's, the confectioner's, the baker's, and home again.

The evening of the pretty widow's birthday arrived—a lovely evening it was, too—and the man who was to play the violin arrived, and all the invited guests arrived, and were ushered by the maid in jaunty new cap with pink ribbons, and apron to match, the ladies to the second-story front room—Miss Philomela's own sacred apartment—and the gentlemen to the back room, same floor, and from thence to the flower-bedecked parlors. Annie—that was the maid's name—had an intimate friend to assist her in her unfamiliar duties, and that friend, to whom such duties were very familiar, was one of the maids from the house in the other street. To think that Miss Gherken, with all her cleverness and keenness of vision, had never discovered this friendship!

The very first arrivals, by-the-bye, after the man who played the violin, were Mrs. Somerset, Miss Somerset, Master Aubrey Somerset, and the banjo. The presence of the latter had been specially requested in a note written to "Tom" by the little widow, at the suggestion of Mr. Gherken.

Such a merry time as they had! They danced, they sang, they played games, they ate supper. A delightful supper: cold chicken, cold tongue, fried oysters, salads, cake, ice-cream, lemonade, and many other things. And in the midst of the supper a carriage drove up to the door—there was so much noise no one heard it—and an elderly woman jumped out before the driver could get down from his seat to help her, and stood a moment on the sidewalk, staring at the brilliantly lighted house. Only a moment did she stare, however. Then she stalked up the stoop, pushed open the front door, which stood "on a jar," and in a moment more confronted the merry party. Annie, the maid, in the act of handing an ice to Miss Lally, who, seated beside her poorest boarder, was beaming as she had not beamed for years, caught sight of the apparition first, and stood with hand extended as though turned to ice herself. Then Mr. Gherken raised his laughing eyes—Miss Thomasina had just said something very funny—and exclaimed, "Philomela!"

"Of the vale," added his fair guest, and following his gaze, also beheld the late comer.

"Yes, Philomela!" repeated Miss Gherken, in her most fife-like tones. "And pray may I ask what is going on? Why are all these strangers here?"

"These *friends*," replied Orlando, "have been kind enough to join me in a celebration of sister Mary's birthday."

"And that dog?" pointing with stern finger to the corner where the lame boy sat regaling his faithful four-footed attendant with ice-cream.

"Is a friend too," said Orlando, quietly.

"Bravo!" said Miss Thomasina, under her breath, but in a voice perfectly audible to the gentleman. (It transpired afterward that the state of affairs in the Gherken establishment was well known to the inmates of the house on the other street.)

Miss Gherken cast a glance of the greatest contempt at the assemblage, uttered the one word, "Fools!" in a shrill voice, rudely pushed aside the little widow, who had approached her with a kindly greeting, elevated her nose in the air, turned about, marched to the front door, and down the front steps, and into the carriage, which rolled away with her immediately. *Matters had been brought to a crisis.*

And after her departure, until near daybreak, once more all went merry as a marriage bell. "Marriage bell." Yes, indeed! A very apt simile. For scarcely a year had passed away when Miss Thomasina Somerset became Mrs. Orlando Gherken.

It was she who rescued the dear little boy from drowning (you will remember the glowing accounts of the affair in all the newspapers)—the little boy who fell from the yacht *Spread Wings*. Over like a flash went the "fast" young woman after the child; and over, like another flash, went Orlando Gherken after *her*.

And when all three stood safe and dripping on deck again, Orlando's arms closed around her as she placed the boy in his mother's arms, and he whispered, "Tom, will you marry me?"

"What a jolly time for a proposal!" said Tom.

CURIOUS CASES OF SOMNAMBULISM.

That persons walk in their sleep and are unconscious of ordinary impressions, but yet retain sensations, there is, we all admit, no doubt. One curious instance occurred in a school-girl who was observed to rise every night about midnight, and walk about her bedroom and the lobby outside her sleeping apartment. After some time, on returning to her bed, she was in the habit of examining it and all about it, and finally selecting for some hours' rest a clothes-basket which the house-maid kept on the flat roof of the cradle-bed in which she lay. After carefully examining the clothes-basket, she climbed up on the head of the cradle-bed, and circling her body as a cat would above the clothes in the basket, she composed herself to sleep, in which she remained for an hour or more, then rose, and returned to her bed. In the morning she awoke at her usual time, having no consciousness of what had occurred during the night. Her sister watched her proceedings, but never interrupted or awakened her, and after some time the nocturnal climbings ceased.

The second case that came under my observation was more varied and more embarrassing. A young lady at school became a somnambulist. She rose from bed and walked in her sleep. The ladies who conducted the school became alarmed, partly on the girl's account, and partly for the character of the school, as it might injure their establishment were it known that the young ladies practiced the habit of walking about the lawn in their night dresses in the moonlight. They had an impression that if the girl were suddenly awakened, death or immediate deprivation of sense might be the result; and this led to the attendance of two maid-servants, who were strictly enjoined to follow the footsteps of the somnambulist, to watch that no mishap should occur to her, and to have all doors opened, and the way kept clear for the return of the sleeping pedestrian. This continued for some time. But at length the somnambulist's fancy took a more adventurous turn. Slaters had come to work on the roof of the house, and the sleeping peripatetic evinced a desire to star-gaze. Accordingly, on the next night, she turned to the slater's ladder, and to the horror of her attendants, ascended it, mounted to the roof, and walked along the gutter, with a sloping roof on one side and a low parapet wall on the other. The attendants now became almost frightened out of their wits, and knew not what to do or think. They feared to call out; for return to consciousness in such a place would almost inevitably lead to her stumbling on the roof or falling over the parapet. Their terror was, however, not yet at its height. The somnambulist came to a slight obstruction in the gutter; she paused for a moment, and then, without hesitation, stepped upon the parapet, and continued her walk upon the narrow stone coping. A single slip, a false step, would have precipitated her from a height of thirty or forty feet; yet to awaken her would almost certainly have led to the same catastrophe. The sleeping girl continued her walk to the end of the coping, and then turning round, resumed her walk to the dormer window, descended the ladder, reached her bedroom in safety, and lay down in her bed; awaking in the morning quite unconscious of her midnight danger and of her narrow escape.

I was then a very young practitioner in medicine, and was, up to this period, although the medical attendant of the establishment for ordinary cases of illness, not consulted on this perplexing case, as it was naturally desired to keep it concealed; but after the stroll on the parapet wall, and the terror created by it, it was thought that, with the object of preventing a recurrence of a night walk that might end in some terrible accident, the young lady should be consigned to temporary residence in a private asylum, where there would be always both a night and a day watch. I was taken into consultation next morning, and earnestly discussed the gravity of taking such a step. It would be impossible to keep it secret, and, even were it possible, in her waking hours she would look with horror on the coming night, when she should be sent to bed in a strait-waistcoat. In after-years, too, when perhaps she might have a young family around her, the thought might arise that she had once been an inmate of such an institution, and the reminiscence would make her miserable. I duly considered all this, and suggested various expedients, such as sedatives, sleeping draughts, and net-work to be put round the bed at night. All, however, had been tried in this instance, and all in vain.

I then thought for a little, and hit upon the following plan. I directed her night dress to be sewed up at the foot, so that it formed a large bag, and then I had the sleeves lengthened so much that each sleeve, after going round the body, reached the front, where it met the other sleeve, and was securely fastened to it. The whole dress was loose; but the long sleeves prevented the hands from being used to get rid of the dress, while, from the end being sewed up, the feet could not be used in progression. At the same time the dress freely permitted the sleeper to roll about from side to side in her slumber; and thus it differed from the hideous strait-waistcoat then in vogue. Night came, and our charge retired to bed in her new-fangled night dress, with which she was amused. The usual hour for the night walk came. Her attendants were strictly enjoined not to stir. She raised herself as usual in the sitting posture, then stood upright, and commenced to walk. The second step was a trip, for the foot behind held the bottom of the bag in which she stood. She stumbled, fell forward, and awoke, and was put back into bed, where she soon fell asleep. Next morning there were no bad consequences except that her face was slightly bruised by the fall. I recommended a continuance of the sleeping chemise for a short time as a cautionary measure. And now came a curious change in the phases of the affliction. She would still rise from bed each night, but made no further attempt to walk as before. She would stand erect, and keeping the knees perfectly rigid, spring straight upward from the floor, and thus dance about the room in what was years afterward known as a popular music-hall dance under the name of the "Perfect Cure." This she would continue until thoroughly fatigued, and then retire quietly to bed and to sleep. I am glad to add the case did end in a perfect cure.

This strange state is generally called somnambulism. It is really alternating identity, in which the ordinary state of mind is suspended, and another identity—I do not know what else to call it—takes possession of the individual, and like warp and weft alternates without mixing, the warp presenting continuity at one time, and the weft the same at another. One of these alternations occurs most often in sleep, when the ordinary mental power is no longer governing, and hence the attack is called somnambulism. The somnambulist will weave the somnambulism of one night with that of the preceding into a continuous warp or weft, and so with the ordinary mental power; and thus the two identities alternate, but do not mix.

A young lady under my observation exhibited an instance of this. For some time a somnambulist, the alternating identity at length became strong enough to intrude upon her waking hours. Her ordinary perceptive and voluntary powers would be suddenly arrested during the day, and whether at music or work—no matter how employed—the interruption was sudden and instantaneous. If at the piano or harp, voluntary movement ceased at the moment; if walking across the floor, she remained in the position in which she was when it occurred, and remained thus for a longer or shorter time. She would sit at dinner apparently as cheerful and as collected as any one at the table. At the time of which I speak it was customary for guests to take wine with one another. A gentleman would ask her to take wine. She bowed her head as was usual; and in raising the glass to her mouth there suddenly passed over her face and figure a slight but indescribable shudder. She immediately lost all knowledge of those about her, and would address them with names quite foreign to them. This state would continue for two days, until at dinner on the third day she would turn to her relative, and say, in her natural tone, "Did you not ask me to take wine?" Her natural state then returned; but those alternations became more frequent and more painful, until at length the unfortunate girl was deprived of the society of all but her nearest relatives.

ECCENTRIC INVITATIONS.

A famous philosopher was wont, if we remember aright, to so couch his invitations that those who came to his perfect little dinners were aware beforehand what would be set on the table for their delectation, and at what hour they were expected to take their departure. It was the custom of Marshal Vaillant, when Minister of War, to ask the officer on guard for the day to take dinner with him, not by word of mouth or by a polite note, but by a notice in his own handwriting posted up in the guard-room, and invariably running thus: "Art. 1. The officer on guard is invited to dine at the table of the War Minister. Art. 2. The officer on guard is received by the War Minister, who, after shaking hands with him, presents him to the Marshal and the guests. Art. 3. The Marshal always offers his arm to the officer on guard to conduct him to the dining-room; no matter what guests may be present, his place on the left of the Marshal is kept. Art. 4. Avoid offering wine to the Marshal, who only drinks water. Art. 5. On leaving table and going into the smoking-room, accept the cigar which the Marshal always offers. Art. 6. At the end of half an hour the Marshal always asks the officer on guard to play a game of whist, which he should refuse, saying that it is his duty to return to his post; he ought, therefore, to salute the Marshal, and then retire." Given his choice in the matter, probably the guest would rather have dined with his brother officers than with the martinet minister.

A host of another sort was George Colman. When the Drury Lane manager sent him a play for revision, he wrote: "Dear Bunn,—Pray dine with me to-day at half past five, but come at four; we shall then have time to cut the play before we cut the mutton." It was no unusual thing with him to put his invitations in rhyme, on one occasion parodying Macheath thus neatly:

"The dinner's prepared, the party is met,
The dishes all ranged, not one is for show.
Then come undismayed, your visit's a debt—
A debt on demand—we won't take a 'No.'
You'll fare well, good Sir, you can't fear a dew,
Contented you'll sleep, 'twill be better for you;
And sleeping you know is the rest of our lives,
And this way we'll try to please both our wives.

Come to Richmond to-morrow to dinner, or you have lost your Kew for pleasing everybody.—G. C."

When Charles Mathews was playing at Bristol, the Duke of Beaufort invited him to pay a visit to Badminster, stating, by way of extra inducement, that two billiard-loving judges were among his guests. Unable to take advantage of the tempting offer, the witty actor replied: "I regret extremely that my engagements prevent my accepting your Grace's kind invitation, for nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to have taken the lives of two judges at pool." With much more alacrity did a certain man of letters, travelling in the United States, respond to a literary lady's invitation "to meet some minds at tea" at her house, by expressing sorrow at being prevented from doing so through having already promised to meet some stomachs at dinner. Whether his excuse shocked American modesty we do not know; he would have been set down as a very rude man by the English farmer's daughter who, in acknowledging a feminine friend's invitation to go with her to the races, wrote on behalf of herself and sister: "The energy of the races prompts me to assure you that my request is forbidden, the idea of which I had awkwardly nourished, notwithstanding my propensity to reserve. Mr. T. will be there. Let me with confidence assure you that him and brothers will be very happy to meet you and brothers. We girls can not go for reasons. The attention of the cows claims our assistance in the evening."

One reason sufficed to account for Lord Fife's non-appearance at a dinner party at Lady Cork's, to which that lively old lady had asked him, in order that he might meet a newly married dame of whom he had once been an ardent admirer. Instead of receiving the impecunious nobleman, the hostess received a note, which soon went the round of the company. It ran as follows: "My dear Lady Cork,—I can not express my regret that it is quite out of my power to dine with you. And you will pity me when you hear that I am in bed. A rascally creditor has had everything I possess taken from me. I must remain in bed till my lawyer comes, as I have not a coat to put on. This is the reason, dear Lady Cork, I can not dine with you."

Before accepting an invitation it is as well to be sure it is given in good faith. After an afternoon service held many years ago in a certain village in Scotland, the preacher, a stranger, who had officiated, accompanied one of the elders of the congregation home, and was introduced to his wife. The good man having asked the clergyman to stay to dinner, the latter, after a little pressing, consented. The good lady hurried off to prepare for the unexpected guest, and seeing, as she thought, her husband washing, as was the custom in those days, at the kitchen sink, she seized the family Bible, and approaching stealthily from behind, brought down the ponderous tome upon his bald pate, exclaiming: "Tak ye *that* for bringing hungry preachers here to denner every time they come to the parish!" As soon as the assaulted one could get the suds out of his eyes he looked about him, and after thinking the matter out, concluded that the old lady had made a slight mistake. She too came to the same conclusion when, upon returning to the parlor, she beheld her husband patiently waiting for his reverend friend!

THE NIGER.

Of late, African travellers have concerned themselves to such an extent with the eastern coast and great central districts of the continent that readers scarcely remember when the same interest was felt in determining the course of the Niger as has recently been shown in forcing the Nile and Congo to disclose their secrets. In the light of present knowledge, it seems strange to recall the points so long undecided with regard to the Niger, which were: whether the great stream in the interior of Africa, first mentioned by Herodotus, and afterward by Strabo, Pliny, Ptolemy, and others, could be identified with what was called the Quorra, or Joliba, the latter being the name given to it in the earlier part of its course; whether it lost itself in the great Lake Tchad, or terminated in the Atlantic Ocean; whether it carried its waters under-ground through the Great Desert into the Gulf of Syrtis; or whether it flowed in an easterly direction, and followed the course of the Nile.

It is now very generally agreed that the modern Niger or Quorra is identical with the Nigeir of Ptolemy and others. Herodotus gives an interesting account of an expedition undertaken by five young men of the tribe of the Nasamones, a Libyan people who occupied the country lying between that of the Guaramantes, or the modern Fezzan, and the Great Bay of Syrtis. They set out for the interior, and after passing through the inhabited region and the country of the wild beasts, they traversed for many days in a westerly direction the great sandy desert, until they arrived at a country inhabited by men of low stature, who conducted them through extensive marshes to a city built on a great river, which contained crocodiles, and which flowed toward the east. This river was then supposed to be a branch of the Nile; but without going into the different theories advanced by African geographers, we may state the conclusion to be that these early explorers had reached the Quorra at a place where its course is easterly; and certain scholars maintain that the city to which they were conducted was no other than Timbuctoo itself.

The early European travellers, in their discoveries on the western coast of Africa, found successively the estuaries of the Senegal, Gambia, and Rio Grande, and believed them to be mouths of the Niger. In course of time they were tempted to explore these rivers for the purpose of reaching the far-famed city of Timbuctoo, the reputed wealth of which had excited their cupidity. These they traced until they became mere rivulets, and yet found themselves no nearer to the object of their desires. In the mean time the French geographers De Lisle and D'Auville devoted their attention to Africa. De Lisle, in a map published in 1714, gave the sources both of the Niger and Senegal, the former being made to flow eastward and the latter westward, which was an approximation to the truth. D'Auville followed up this view in his map of Africa published in 1749, and thus far a correct knowledge of the source and direction of the Niger was obtained by its being separated on the east from the Nile and on the west from the Senegal.

The formation of the African Association in England in 1788 marks a new era in the history of African geography. The first and principal object which occupied the attention of this body was the course and termination of the Niger, and a reward was held out to the person who should succeed in determining them. It is as well to pass over the names of Ledyard and Lucas, the former having died at Cairo before accomplishing anything, and the latter having only gathered some information from the Arabs which tended rather to perplex than to elucidate the subject. The third adventurer employed by the association was Major Houghton, who had acted as British consul at Morocco, and had thus become familiar with Moorish manners. He sailed up the Gambia to Pisania, and thence proceeded into the interior, but he there met his death without accomplishing anything of importance. The honor of determining the course of the Niger was reserved for the celebrated traveller Mungo Park. Having offered his services to the association and been accepted, he left England in the spring of 1795, and in July reached Pisania, where he remained for some time to acquire the Mandingo language. In December he began his journey, and after crossing the country in a northeasterly direction to Yarra, and then turning southeast through the kingdoms of Ludamar and Bambarra, he came in sight of the Niger near Sego. "I saw," he says, "with infinite pleasure the object of my mission, the long-sought-for majestic Niger, glittering in the morning sun as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to the eastward." He traced its course downward to Silla and upward as far as Bammakoo, an extent of about 300 miles. From the latter place he crossed the country by a more southern route than his former track, reaching Pisania in June, 1797.

At the request of the British government Park undertook another expedition, and Pisania was again his point of departure, which he left in May, 1805. This time he chose the route by which he had returned on his first journey, but he had not proceeded far when the rainy season set in, and by the time that he reached Bammakoo only eleven men remained with him, the others having died by the way, or been left as invalids in the charge of friendly natives. The expedition descended the river in two canoes to Sansanding, where several of the party fell victims to the climate. Park's last dispatches are from this place. Writing to Lord Camden, he says: "I am sorry to say that of the forty-four Europeans who left the Gambia in perfect health, five only are at present alive, viz., three soldiers (one deranged in his mind), Lieutenant Martyn, and myself." Elsewhere he adds: "We had no contest whatever with the natives, nor was any one of us killed by wild animals or any other accident." Park set sail from Sansanding on the 19th of November, and from information since obtained he seems to have proceeded down as far as Boussa, where, having been attacked by the natives, he and his companions attempted to save themselves by swimming, but were drowned.

To us who are familiar with Stanley's exploits it seems absurd to learn that Park had been led to adopt the opinion of Captain Maxwell—a slave-trader, who had been accustomed to frequent the Congo—that that river formed the lower part of the Niger. After the time of Park this opinion continued to gain ground, and the government was at length induced, in 1816, to dispatch an expedition to attempt the solution of the question. It was divided into two parts; the one, under Major Peddie, was to penetrate across West Africa to the Niger; the other, under Captain Tuckey, to ascend the Congo. These threw no new light on the subject, and were attended with very disastrous results, the commanders and most of the men falling victims to the climate. After this the exploration of the Niger languished, until certain important facts were ascertained regarding it by travellers Laing, Caillie, Clapperton, and Richard Lander. It is to the last of these that we are indebted for having pointed out the mouth of the Niger. Lander having been confidential servant to Clapperton up to the time of his death at Saccatoo, volunteered to the government to navigate the river from Boussa, the point where Park perished, to its mouth. His offer was accepted, and together with his brother John he proceeded up the river from Boussa to Yaoori, a distance of 65 miles. On the 2d of August, 1830, they commenced the descent of the river, and on the 18th of November they entered the Atlantic by the river Nun, and thus set at rest the long-disputed question of the mouth of the Niger.

The return of the brothers Lander awakened anew the spirit of enterprise, and an expedition was fitted out by some merchants of Liverpool for commercial as well as exploring purposes. It consisted of two steam-vessels, and the command was intrusted to Richard Lander, who proceeded up the Niger as far as Rabba, and likewise up a hitherto unexplored affluent—the Shary, or Tchadda. The results of the expedition, however, were unsatisfactory to the projectors, and most fatal to those who had undertaken it, very few of the Europeans having survived. Among those who perished were the two Landers, John from the effects of the climate, and Richard from a wound received from the natives. No further attempt of any magnitude was made until 1841, when the English government fitted out three steamers built especially for the purpose. This expedition was intended to carry out, besides extended researches, various philanthropic but ill-matured schemes. It shared no better fate than its predecessors, having only reached Egga, about fifty miles above the confluence of the Tchadda, when it was driven back by the sickness or death of its members.

In 1852 intelligence was received from the great African traveller Dr. Barth to the effect that in June of the previous year he had crossed a large stream named Benué, or Mother of Waters, which, from the information received from the natives, he conjectured to be the upper part of the Tchadda affluent of the Niger. The government now resolved to send out another expedition to explore this branch, and an iron screw steamer, the *Pleiad*, was built for the purpose. The peculiar features of this expedition were, first, the employment of as few white men as possible; secondly, entering or ascending the river with the rising waters and during the rainy season; lastly, it was anticipated that the use of quinine as a prophylactic or preventive would enable the Europeans to withstand the influence of the climate. The expedition entered the Niger by the Nun branch on the 12th of July, 1854. By the beginning of August they had reached the confluence of the two great rivers. It was then that Dr. Baikie wrote: "From our anchorage at the confluence, near the Sacrifice Rock, as well as from the heights of Mount Pàtte, the Chàdda appeared a much nobler and finer stream than the Kwòra. The latter seemed small and narrow, and could be seen pursuing in the distance its meandering route from the northward, while in front comes pouring from the east the broad, straight-coursed Chàdda. The natives allege that there is a difference in the color of the two streams, and hence the Kwòra is named in Hanasa *Fari'n rua*, or the 'White Water,' while the other is known as *Baki'n rua*, or the 'Black Water.' I found the temperature of the former to exceed that of the latter by from half a degree to a degree of Fahrenheit." The *Pleiad* ascended the Tchadda 250 miles above the point reached by the Liverpool expedition, and within about fifty miles of the Benué and Faro where crossed by Dr. Barth.

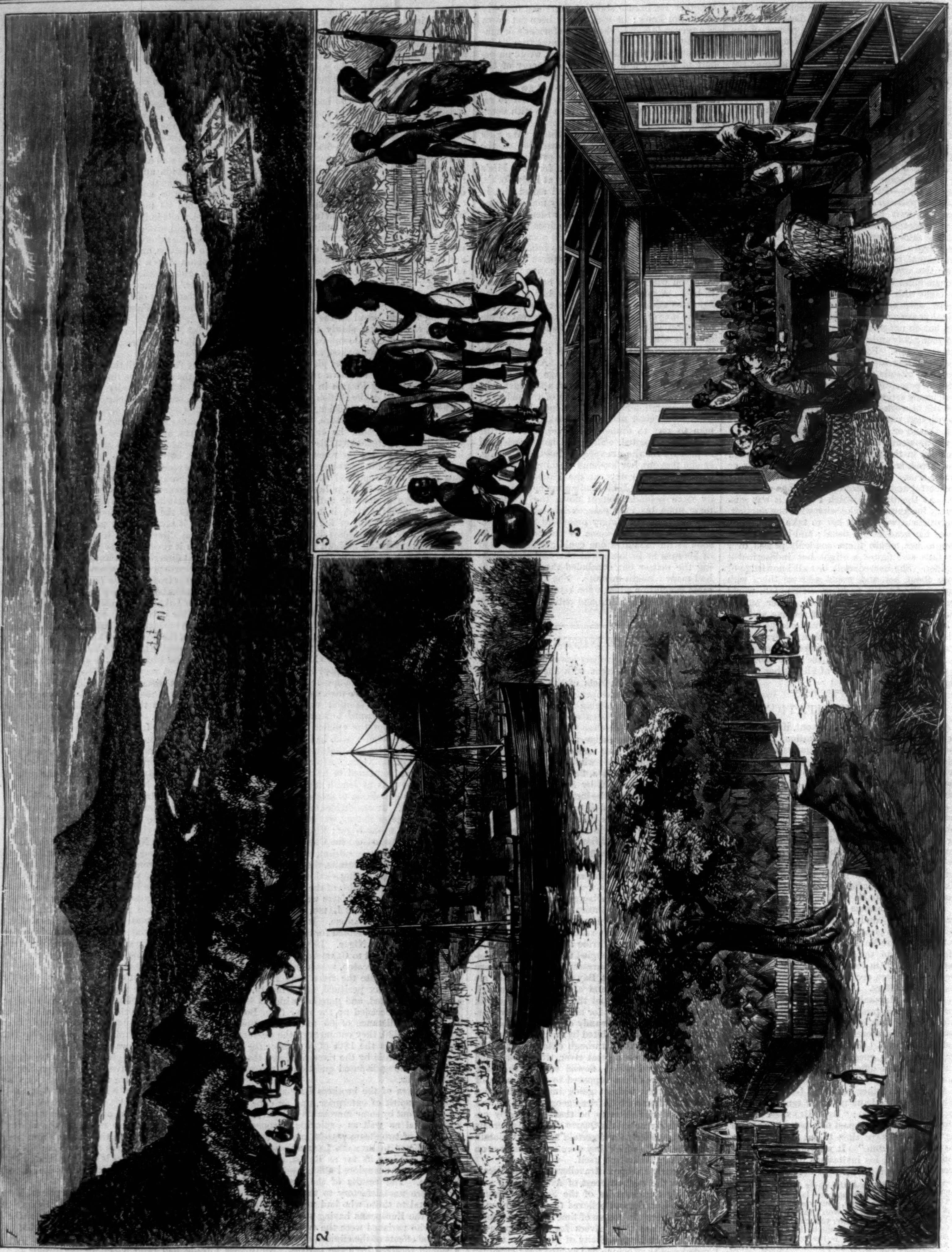
The results of all these explorations go to show that the Quorra, or the Joliba, though its source has not been actually explored, rises in Mount Loma, one of the Kong Mountains. Its course is at first north, then northeast to Curnassa, about 100 miles from its source, where it was crossed by Caillie, and found to be, before the inundation commenced, 900 feet in width and nine in depth, with a current of two and a half miles an hour. Before reaching Bammakoo it receives the Tankisso and Sarano, both large streams; and at Bammakoo it commences its course over the plain of Bambarra, flowing still in a northeasterly direction. It pursues the same course until it reaches Jenne, when it takes a bend nearly due north, flowing in that direction till it arrives at Lake Dibbie, where it reverts to the northeast, and continues in that direction until it reaches Timbuctoo, where the Quorra proper commences. Caillie navigated the river from Jenne to Timbuctoo, and represents the banks between those places as low and marshy. Below Lake Dibbie, which is of considerable size, the river is very deep, and from half a mile to a mile in breadth, with a considerable current. Near Kabra, the port of Timbuctoo, it divides into two branches, the larger of which is about three-fourths of a mile broad, and the smaller about 100 feet broad, but very deep. They appear to unite at no great distance further down, but from Timbuctoo to Yaoori very little is known of this great river except that its general direction seems to be southeast. From Yaoori to the sea it was navigated by the Landers, and was found to flow first nearly due south, then to take a rapid bend to the east, and afterward gradually to return and take a southwesterly direction to the Atlantic, which it enters by twenty-two mouths, the principal of which is the Nun.

In 1852 Mr. Laird, under whose direction the *Pleiad* was built, established the African Steamship Company, and built factories along various points of the river. At the present time the navigation of the Niger is regularly established. Six or seven steamers of light draught make trips back and forth from the Atlantic ports during nine months of the year to factories as far as the confluence of the Benué, and during the swelling of the river they pass to still higher stations, delivering European goods, and receiving ivory, palm-oil, and shea butter in return. These vessels must, however, be well armed, for the natives of the villages bordering the river in the upper part of the delta are hostile, and frequently fire upon the steamers in passing.

It is to one of these commercial trips that the sketches on the next page have reference. The vessel was the English steam-ship *Edgar*, and capital opportunities were afforded the artist for preparing his admirably descriptive drawings. The following explanation is made up from the notes that he forwarded with them:

"Sketch No. 1 gives a bird's-eye view of the confluence of the rivers, taken from Mount Lukoga, 1200 feet above the sea-level. It shows the Quorra, or Upper Niger, on the left, the Lower Niger on the right, and the unexplored Tchadda in the centre. The distance seen on the Tchadda is about twenty-five miles, on the Lower Niger twenty miles, and on the Quorra about five miles. In the full time of the rivers no islands or shoals are seen. The river is easily navigated by noting the position of old skeleton trees and other prominent objects.

"In sketch No. 2 we see the steam-ship *Edgar* attacked by refugee settlers at Lukoga. A loud noise was heard on the bank near where the *Edgar* was made fast, and it was rumored that some of the company's rum, intended for the purpose of trade, had been stolen by the people of Gbebe, who are refugees, and only two years since were allowed to build their huts here. These are shown on the left-hand side of our sketch. Previously the poor wretches had been living for some time in canoes, when the King of Bidda, who has sole power over the Lukoga people, gave the refugees permission to settle on the shore. The agent, or factor, whose duty it was to store the goods when landed, found that some had been stolen. He then made a search, tracking the missing property by means of drops which had fallen from a leaky cask, thus disclosing the path taken by the thieves. The rum was finally found, neatly buried under the floor of a hut. It was promptly seized, and the owner of the hut also taken into custody. He was found, however, to have had several confederates, and as one of the head-men had been seized, his followers flew to arms. In a few moments the banks were covered with the refugees, who



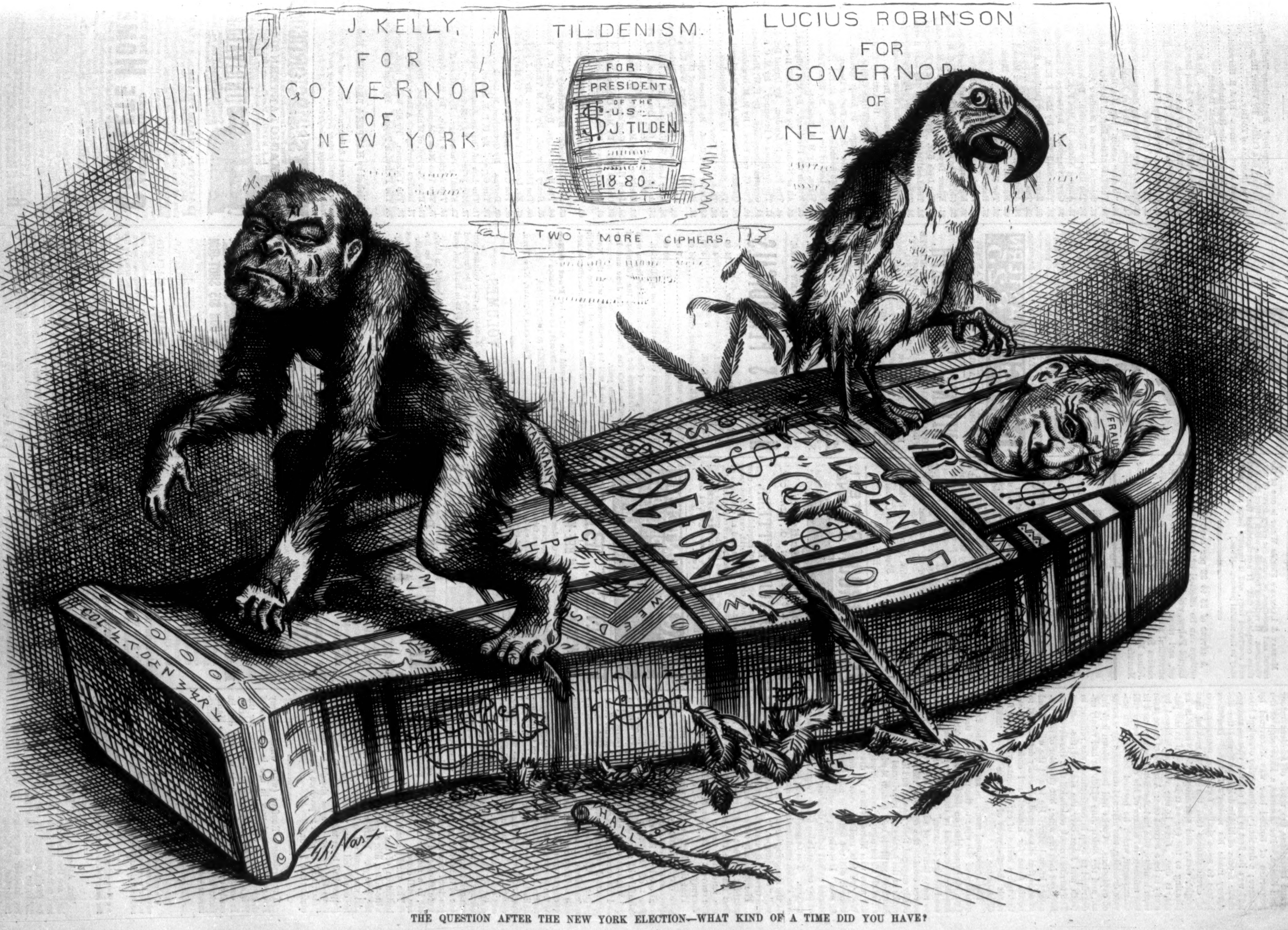
A TRIP UP THE NIGER.

had exchanged their every-day clothing for war suits and weapons. After a brief but harmless show of hostility, the natives were dispersed by a representative of the king, and the affair was amicably settled.

"Types of the natives may be seen in sketch No. 3. The women of Lukoga do the greater part of the work, which is very laborious, especially in the morning and the evening, when they are seen coming to the river, filling their eight or ten gallon jars of water, and going away with a peculiar walk under the pressure of the weight. They appear to take it easy, and are taught from childhood to carry heavy burdens on their heads. During our sojourn at Lukoga female labor was always to be had, while some of the lazy husbands were probably asleep, trusting entirely to their wives' earnings for support. I calculated one day, while we were discharging bags of salt averaging 150 pounds, the distance carried and the weight. The former amounted to six and a half miles, and the latter to one ton and a quarter. This was all accomplished by women. When they don their best attire, one cloth is gracefully thrown over the head, and with a twist over the shoulders, the ends falling down coquettishly. The other cloth is neatly fastened around the waist. The upper part of the body is usually covered with another gaudy-colored cloth. The young children are better clothed, and very few are seen without a cloth of some description.

"Sketch No. 4 represents the indigo-dyeing pits at Lukoga. These are about six feet deep and three feet across, are dug in the ground, and plastered when thoroughly dried. The liquid indigo, obtained from the plant of that name, is carefully strained, and allowed to settle, after which the pits are filled. In a day or two the liquid becomes a greenish-blue, and tolerably clear, care being taken to have the pits well covered and protected from dust. The article to be dyed is then immersed, dipped up and down, folded and unfolded, and occasionally rubbed lightly as if being washed. This dipping is continued for half an hour or so, and the article is then allowed to drain over a piece of wood placed across from one post to another. The operator goes on with another article, and then resumes the dipping of the first, until it has attained the desired shade, which can be regulated to a nicety. It is then dried across the poles shown on the left of the sketch, and finished by a thorough dipping in the river. A large cloth—say four yards by three—can be dyed a black-blue for about two shillings.

"A native court held at the West African Company's factory is shown in sketch No. 5. The consul is seated in the chair, with an interpreter on his right. The terrace was crowded with chiefs from all neighboring villages, with their attendants, bell-ringers, horn men, staves of office, etc. Patience is necessary at these meetings, as the natives do not understand civilized manners. However, all finally became seated or squatted down, with spears, guns, and swords over their shoulders, and their heads adorned with caps of cloth decorated with feathers. The last is an indication of superiority over small chiefs, who are forbidden to wear feathers until they have personally killed a man in war. Some of these chiefs paint an imaginary pair of white spectacles over their eyes, to enable them to see clearly and understand all that is said."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CHAMPAGNE.

The discovery that revolutionized the wine trade, that the process of fermentation could be checked, and an effervescing wine produced in consequence, was most probably, like many other grand inventions, the result of accident rather than design. For instance, a knowledge of the properties of bottled beer was discovered by chance; a drunken workman who overslept himself was the first to find out the virtues and peculiar aroma of highly dried snuff, and the discovery made his master's fortune. Doubtless it was to some similar fortuitous concatenation of circumstances that the art of making that bright, clear, and sparkling wine, which is as pleasing to the eye as it is grateful to the palate, is due. Here is one version believed by many to be a correct one: A monk of more taste than honesty, who had abstracted from a cask in the monasterial cellars of his convent some still Champagne, which he bottled for his own private drinking, was alarmed one night by a series of explosions. Corks had been blown into the air, and the stolen wine which he had vainly endeavored to keep in confinement was running in froth and foam over the sides of the bottles. The terrified monk concluded that the devil must have got into the wine; but the prior of the monastery knew better. He tasted the wine, found at once that it was good, shrewdly determined to bottle some for himself, and ended by going through a series of experiments which had for result the discovery of the true art of making Champagne.

The frightened monk, in ascribing the fizzing qualities of the wine to the presence of the Evil One, hit by accident on the German legend which has been recorded in the song of "Fifty Thousand Roving Demons," who put themselves inside so many bottles of wine in order to put themselves outside the contents thereof, and whilst busily engaged, their master suddenly popped the corks in the bottles and imprisoned the imps. In common gratitude each demon sheds a warm convivial old Champagny whiskey-punchy feeling over the man who liberates him by drawing a cork. We give this tradition *cum grano*, particularly since it will not bear the mathematical test of figures. It is always as well, however, to hear all stories extant before deciding upon the adoption of any one, and also not to forget the Rabelaisian maxim. The names by which the sparkling wine was known confirms in a measure the popularity of the foregoing legend; the titles "stopper-jumper," "cork-jumper," "devil's wine," and *pétillant* are terse, epigrammatic, and descriptive.

The generally received and probably the most truthful account of effervescence is that it was first made in the year 1695, by Dom Perignon, the renowned taster and wine-manufacturer to the convent of St. Peter, in the Haut-Villiers, near Epernay.

That this high-priest of wine-tasters made the discovery accidentally, and kept the art of manufacturing effervescing wine to himself and spiritual brethren, is a well-known fact. The worthy abbot of St. Peter's occasionally indulged the faithful with a few dozens of "sparkling." Hence the virtuous court and courtiers of Louis XIV. and his successors were enabled to recruit their exhausted energies with a glass of real Champagne. A knowledge of the new wine necessarily spread from the immediate court circle to the outside nobility, and there is no doubt but that the worthy monks of Haut-Villiers made a good thing of the discovery of their excellent brother the renowned Dom, whose memory deserves to be canonized. As a benefactor of his species he would take rank with the man who ate the first oyster, cooked the first mushroom, "or he who first found out the leather bottel." It was not only on account of the discovery of Champagne that the memory of the good Dom deserves the grateful remembrance of mankind: he found out the right use of the cork-tree, and turned his knowledge to practical account. Previous to his time bottles were stoppered with a bunch of tow steeped in oil, in a similar manner that Florence oil-flasks are still closed.

The worthy monk Perignon was a striking illustration of the truth of the old adage that a wine-taster, like a poet, is born, not made—*nascitur, non fit*. Years after he had lost his sight, and was confined to his room, it is reported that he could tell from which vineyard a sample of grapes had been taken, and also in what proportions the various grapes should be blended, or "married," in order to produce wines of a certain quality and flavor.

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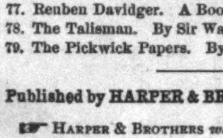

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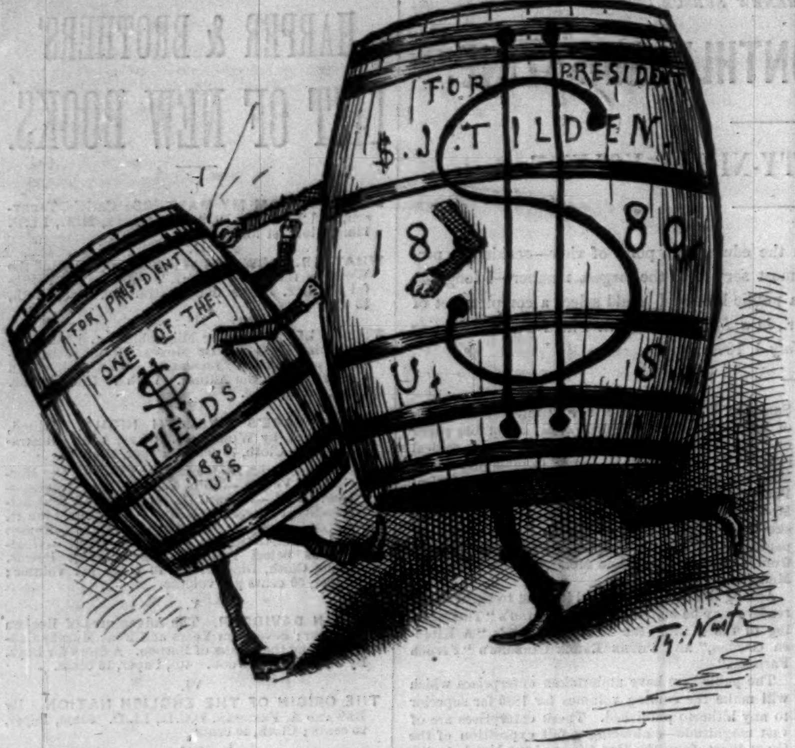

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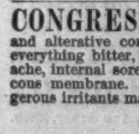
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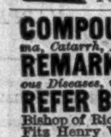
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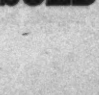
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THE SWORD-FISH.

The name that has been attached to this fish in nearly all languages indicates the most striking feature in its formation, namely, the cutting and pointed blade, a projection of its muzzle, which threatens everything that approaches it. The sword-fish attains a great size, so that among the ancients it was classed among the cetaceans, or whale tribes, *Cete*, by which term, however, they meant nothing more than a large inhabitant of the sea. It frequently attains the length of ten or twelve feet, and certain specimens are recorded as having been found that measured as much as twenty.

The body of the sword-fish is nearly round behind, but a little compressed; the upper part of the head is nearly flat, descending slightly to the base of the sword. There is but one dorsal fin in the species, extending nearly from the summit of the head to the root of the tail. This is very evident in young specimens. When, however, they become aged, such is the effect of the friction to which this fin is necessarily exposed, it wears away in the middle, and the appearance of a double dorsal is left behind. This circumstance has in some cases led to the erroneous supposition that there might be a second species. The edges of the sword are cutting, and finely denticulated; the lower jaw is also pointed, extending to where the upper surface of the sword becomes horizontal; there are no teeth in either jaw, but fine teeth in the gullet, like shorn velvet. The color of the upper parts of the body of a sword-fish is a dusky blue, that of the under parts a fine silvery white, the whole body being covered by a rough skin. It is said that the ordinary habit of this fish is to go in pairs, male and female. The flesh of the young is perfectly white, compact, and of excellent flavor. When old, its qualities are somewhat modified. Brydon remarks that it is more like beef than fish, and should be dressed as cutlets. It has, however, always been esteemed an excellent article of food, and is often salted. The tail and fins are most agreeable when eaten fresh.

The Mediterranean is regarded as the natural habitation of the sword-fish. It is taken in all parts of this sea, though fishermen declare that it is most abundant off the coasts of Sicily. Small specimens are common at Genoa, where the sword is cut off previous to their being exposed for sale in the markets. They are also brought to Nice throughout the year, but especially in the spring, certain specimens weighing between 200 and 350 pounds. From the Mediterranean the sword-fish is supposed to issue and to wend its way principally northward along the European shores, and southward down the coast of Africa. It also makes its way across the Atlantic, for it is frequently caught on our North American shores. This fish was introduced into the British fauna as far back as the days of Sibbald. Pennant mentions one captured off Flintshire in 1785, and another found off the Caermarthen coast which weighed full seventy-five pounds, with a sword which was three feet long. Specimens of the sword-fish taken off the coast of Scotland have been examined by Drs. Leach and Knox and Professor Grant, and one of them found in 1826 between Alloa and Stirling is now in the Edinburgh Royal Museum. In the Baltic and Northern Ocean it is often encountered. As regards the English coasts, a specimen was exhibited at Brighton in the year 1796 which had been caught in the neighborhood. Mr. Daniel, in his *Rural Sports*, mentions that in the Severn, near Worcester, a man bathing was struck, and actually received his death-wound from a sword-fish. The fish was immediately caught, so that there could be no mistake in the circumstance. Mr. Farrell relates a story of a party of gentlemen who, in October, 1834, from their pleasure-boat, off the coast of Essex, observed something bulky floating on the water, which they found to be a sword-fish ten feet long, of which the sword measured three; and the same naturalist received one in July of the same year which had been taken in Bridgewater River. Specimens are often stranded on different coasts—a circumstance which has been explained by the allegation that these fish being particularly exposed to the attacks of various parasitic animals, which torment them beyond endurance, they in despair cast themselves ashore, to rid themselves at once of their tormentors and their lives. On our own American shores sword-fish are taken, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Norfolk, Virginia, but they are more numerous in the neighborhood of Nantucket and Narragansett Bay.

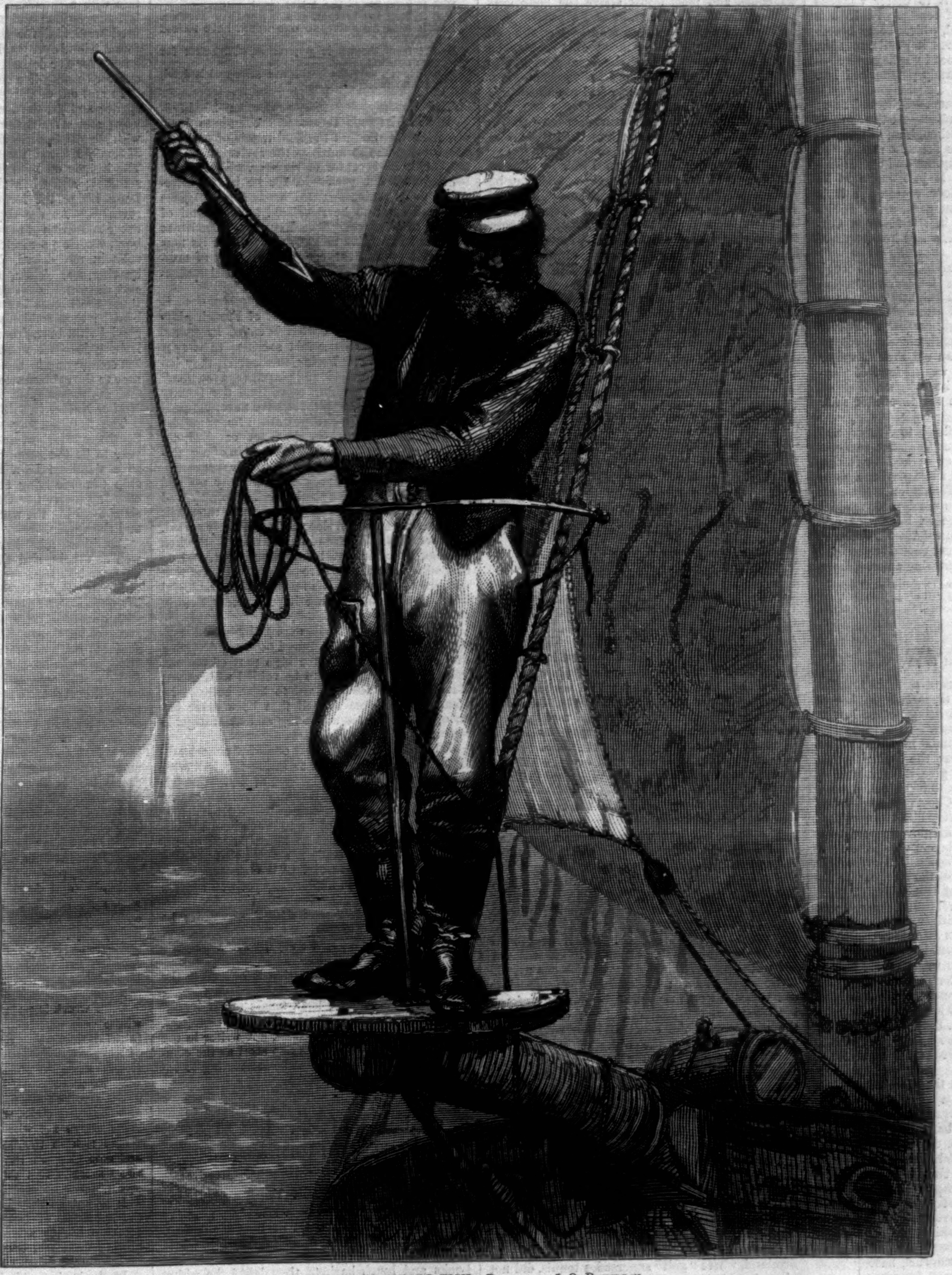
Anecdotes of sword-fish abound. In a calm day in the summer of 1832, on the coast of Massachusetts, a pilot was rowing his little skiff leisurely along, when he was suddenly roused from his seat by a thrust from below by a sword-fish, who drove his sharp instrument more than three feet up through the bottom. With rare presence of mind, with the butt of an oar he broke it off level with the floor before the fish had time to withdraw it. Fortunately the thrust was not directly upward. Had it been so, the frail boat would have been destroyed.

A Boston ship hauled up on the ways for repair, a few years since, presented the shank of a sword-fish's dagger, which had been driven considerably far into the solid oak plank. A more curious affair was brought to light in 1725 in overhauling his Majesty's ship *Leopard*, from the coast of Africa. The sword of this marine spearsman had pierced the sheathing one inch, next it went through a three-inch plank, and beyond that three inches and a half into the firm timber. It was the opinion of the mechanics that it would have required nine strokes of a hammer weighing twenty-five pounds to drive an iron bolt of the same dimensions to the same depth in the hull. Yet the fish drove it in at a single thrust.

On the return of the whale-ship *Fortune* to Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1827, the stump of a sword blade of this fish was noticed projecting like a cog outside, which, on being traced, had been driven through the copper sheathing, an inch-board under-sheathing, a three-inch plank of hard wood, the solid white-oak timber twelve inches thick, then through another two-and-a-half-inch hard oak ceiling, and lastly penetrated the head of an oil cask, where it stuck, not a drop of the oil having escaped.

The sword-fish is supposed to entertain great hostility toward the whale, and accounts of conflicts that have been witnessed are recorded by mariners. Captain Crow relates the following, as having occurred on a voyage to Memel: "One morning, during a calm, when near the Hebrides, all hands were called up at 3 A.M. to witness a battle between several of the fish called thrashers, or fox-sharks (*Carcharias vulpes*), and some sword-fish, on one side, and an enormous whale on the other. It was in the middle of summer, and the water being clear and the fish close to the vessel, we had a fine opportunity of witnessing the conflict. As soon as the whale's back appeared above the water, the thrashers, springing several yards into the air, descended with great violence upon the object of their rancor, and inflicted upon him the most severe slaps with their long tails, the sound of which resembled the report of muskets fired in the distance. The sword-fish in their turn attacked the distressed whale, stabbing from below, and thus beset on all sides and wounded, when the poor creature appeared, the water around him was dyed with blood. In this manner they continued tormenting and wounding him for many hours, until we lost sight of him, and I have no doubt they in the end completed his destruction."

It is a commonly received notion that it is in consequence of mistaking the hull of a ship at sea for a whale that the sword-fish occasionally endeavors to thrust his sword-like beak into the vessel. Those who have been on board on such an occasion have found it difficult to believe that the vessel had not struck against some rock unseen below the surface, so great was the violence of the shock from the weight and power of the fish. Specimens of ships' plank and timbers, like those alluded to above, deeply penetrated by the pointed upper jaw of the sword-fish, broken off by the concussion, are shown in various museums. Some of these evidently belonged to sword-fish of a very large size, others are evidently referable to the allied genus *Istiophorus*, which is limited in its range to the more tropical seas. Mr. Scoresby states an instance of a ship from the coast of Africa, the bow of which had been penetrated by a bone which he considered to be the snout of a sword-fish. Captain Beechy writes: "When in the Pacific Ocean, near Easter Island, as the line was hauling in, a large sword-fish bit at the tin case which contained our thermometer, but fortunately failed in carrying it off."


HARPOONING SWORD-FISH.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.

The capture of the sword-fish, as practiced from time immemorial in the Mediterranean, is an exciting occupation. It is like whale-fishing in miniature. A watchman on the summit of a rock gives warning by signal when he sees a fish approaching. A boat is then launched, and a seaman ascends to the mast-head to guide his fellows, who row under his direction to reach it. They are so skillful that generally from a great distance they strike their victim at the first throw with a harpoon having a long cord attached. An arduous struggle now commences, during which the boat is often pulled about for many hours before the capture is completed.

In our own waters sword-fish are taken as they are in the Mediterranean, with the exception that an ingenious device in the way of a harpoon is used. The boats used have a short bowsprit, on the end of which, as shown in our illustration, is a platform for the harpooner, who keeps his footing by the assistance of an iron hoop supported by a stout rod of the same material. To the barbed head of the harpoon is attached a line, the other end of which is fastened to a barrel-shaped buoy. When a sword-fish is struck, the head of the harpoon becomes detached from the shaft, and the buoy is thrown overboard. The fishermen do not wait to take their victim on board at the time, but sail on in pursuit of other prey. Later they return on their course, and pick up the sword-fish struck during the day, the floating buoys indicating the place where the dead creatures are floating.

THE GAME OF TENNIS.

We may as well admit at once that tennis, even in its modification of lawn tennis, is not only a very fascinating but a very difficult game. It would be almost as easy to teach the piano by a written treatise as to explain the minutiæ of tennis, for they are so intricate that only actual play can make them clear. But still the great masters of this "king of games and game of kings" have left incidentally certain precepts which must be intelligible and interesting to amateur players. There also clusters around the game many historical incidents, and to collect these hints and facts from the by-ways of literature and lay them before the general reader is the object of this paper.

Let us recall for a moment the fascination that the ball, as a source of amusement, has over mankind. Even among a people so little addicted to physical play as Americans, how omnipotent is it!—foot-ball, hand-ball, cricket, croquet, polo, and billiards. In some form or other the ball is the universal plaything. Now of all games of ball, tennis is the most scientific, the most beautiful, and the most fascinating, but hitherto three things have prevented it from becoming popular: first, its great expense under its original conditions; second, its difficulty; third, the perplexing method used in counting it. Tennis-courts in England cost from £3000 to £4000, and this necessarily limited them to the houses of great nobles, or to clubs and the principal universities.

But the new revival of lawn tennis has turned the noble but almost dying game out to grass, and, shorn of all its occult features, introduced it in its grand rudiments to the broad levels of ten thousand American and English lawns. We are indebted for this revival to the Duke of Beaufort and to Captain Wingfield. Twenty years ago the duke introduced a game which united some of the main features of tennis with the dear old-fashioned play of "battledore and shuttlecock." This game, under the name of "Badminton" (the duke's residence), made the circuit of the globe, and was becoming popular, when Captain Wingfield united it to better weapons and a simplified system of tennis. In 1875 it was introduced to the world, which, being heartily tired of croquet, welcomed it gladly, in spite of its affectedly learned name of "sphairistikè"—a name Americans immediately popularized into "lawn tennis."

The appliances of the game—lightened so as to make them suitable for ladies—are the same as those of the racket-court, although an old tennis-player indignantly describes the new racket "as something between a landing net and a poached-egg spoon." Lawn tennis is just tennis in its second childhood of out-door tennis, for it is probably very much the same game as, in its Homeric infancy, was played in the fields of Corcyra by the Princess Nausicaa and her maids of honor.

From this beginning it gradually grew, through long centuries of practice in Roman and Grecian camps, in quiet cloisters and knightly contests, to the perfection which it had attained during the days of feudalism and knight-errantry. France and England were its most enthusiastic devotees, and as early as A.D. 1427 an old French writer complains that "everybody was so fond of playing tennis, they forgot, in its delights, that an English king was sitting on the throne of their own prince."

It was not, however, confined to France and England. The Princess Anna Comnena and other Byzantine writers speak of it; and her father, Alexis, was seriously injured while playing a game of tennis on horseback. Tennis on horseback has frequently been played in much more modern times. There is a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen* (Act V., Scene 4) which indicates it was common enough to be used as a simile. The daughter, praising a horse, says:

"He'll dance the morris twenty miles an hour,
And gallop to the tune of 'light o' love;'
What think you of this horse?"

To which the jailer replies:

"Having these virtues,
I think he might be brought to play at tennis."

And not more than forty years ago Mr. Charles Taylor played a match of three sets on horseback, and won it, the match being played in the tennis-court at Hampton Court.

The Mingrelians play tennis mounted. The players are drawn up in files; the leader throws the ball, and his followers give it back-handed blows with rackets thirty-six to forty inches long. The Chippeways, Miamis, Choctaws, and other Indian tribes have a game very like tennis which they play with rackets, or with gloves armed with strings; and those tennis-players who have read Mrs. Edwards's novel *A Vagabond Heroine* will recognize in her description of the Basque "schistera" a very positive form of tennis.

Until shortly before A.D. 1400 the game was played with the naked hand, or at best with a glove. Then the *battoir* was introduced. It was a simple frame of wood covered with parchment. Unfortunately this invention was a severe loss to literature, for the demand for parchment was so great that greedy and ignorant ecclesiastics having charge of old MSS. sold them to the battoir-makers. In the works of St. Evremond (Vol. VI., p. 191) M. Chapelain says he had played with a *battoir* on which were legible fragments of some of the lost decades of Livy.

The racket speedily took the place of the *battoir*, not only because catgut was easier to procure than parchment, but because it produced a much greater effect on the ball. No sooner was it introduced than it became universally popular, and it even served to set and name a fashion of hair-dressing in the time of Catherine de Medicis. The mode was called *en raquette*, and the hair was arranged in crossed and pleated bands, precisely as racket-makers weave their strings.

Rabelais, in his day, speaking of the students of law at Orleans, always describes them as armed with a racket; and Pantagruel, having gone to study among them, becomes far more famous in the tennis-court than in the courts of law. In fact, he made the arms and motto of the licentiates to run as follows:

"In your pocket a stuff tennis ball,
In your hand a racket withal,
In your cap a law let there be:
Teach your foot to dance merrily,
So you'll win your doctor's degree."

During the golden age of tennis—A.D. 1350–1650—many French kings and churchmen were mighty players. Francis the First was playing with a monk one day against two lords. The stroke of the priest decided the set in the king's favor. "Ah," shouted his Majesty, "that is the stroke of a monk!"

"Sire," replied the monk, "it shall be the stroke of an abbot whenever you will it so;" and the wit and the stroke won the monk his coveted promotion.

Charles the Ninth loved tennis with a strong and selfish devotion. He was in the midst of a game at two o'clock, August 22, A.D. 1572, when a messenger brought him the news of Coligny's assassination. "Par la mort Dieu!" he exclaimed, angrily, "will you never leave me at peace?" The great Henry the Fourth sometimes played all day long, and when he won, always collected the money, and put it in his hat, saying, "These crowns I have safe; no one will rob me of them, for they will not *pass through the hands of my treasurers.*"

In A.D. 1789 the great tennis-court at Versailles became the scene of a famous national event. On June 19 of that year the Tiers État assumed the name of "Assemblée Nationale," upon which the king shut the doors of their Chambers, and placed before them a guard of soldiers. The Deputies, deeply offended, held a meeting in the tennis-court, June 20, and there swore never to abandon their labors until they had given a Constitution to France. Exactly one year afterward a society of patriots met again in the tennis-court, and placed just above the hook supporting the net on the main wall a bronze plate inclosed in a frame of *verd antique* marble, on which was engraved the memorable oath taken there by the members of the Tiers État twelve months before. In spite of all changes and revolutions this *plaque* of bronze still remains where it was originally placed.

Since then this famous court has been put to noteworthy use. Napoleon lent it to Gros, who painted there his "Pestiférés de Jaffa," and "Battle of Aboukir." Louis Philippe allowed Horace Vernet to use it as a studio, and here he painted the "Taking of Smalah," and "Battle of Isly." Under the late Emperor it was re-opened as a tennis-court, and there are doubtless Americans living who saw it that day, crowded with splendidly dressed men and women, watching enthusiastically the brilliant game with which it was opened.

These few facts indicate a long and splendid reign of tennis in France; but its English record is equally regal and magnificent. The use of the racket must have been common there as early as the days of Chaucer, for he asks in *Troylus and Cryseyde:*

"But canstow playen racket to and fro?"

And in the beginning of the reign of Henry the Fifth occurred that memorable incident best known by the passage in Shakspeare's *Henry the Fifth*, in which the French ambassadors having brought the king a "tun of treasure" from the Dauphin, Henry asks:

K. Henry. What treasure, uncle?
Exeter. Tennis-balls, my liege.
K. Henry. We are glad, the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present, and your pains, we thank you for;
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard:
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases.

As Holinshed doubtless furnished Shakspeare with his historical details, it may be interesting to put beside this fine passage the plain fact as related by the historian: "The ambassadors brought with them a barrell of Paris balles, which from their mayster they presented to him for a token that was taken in verie ill part, as sent in scorn to signifie that it was more meet for the king to pass the time with such exercise than to attempt any worthie exploit. Wherfore the king wrote to him *that yer long he would tosse some London balles, that would shake the walles of the best court in France.*'"

The finest tennis-court in the world is that of Hampton Court. It was built by Cardinal Wolsey. Henry the Eighth, who was allowed to be a very fine player, matched himself and the Emperor Maximilian here against the Prince of Orange and the Marquis of Brandenborow. It is recorded that the play stopped even, perhaps out of deference to Henry's extreme sensitiveness to the offense of beating him.

In the reign of Elizabeth many famous matches were played here; but an incident occurred at one which is worth repeating, because it so forcibly illustrates the manners of the time, even in the presence of the court and sovereign. The match was between the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Leicester. Leicester being very hot with hard play, "took the queen's napkin out of her hand and wiped his face therewith, whereupon the Duke of Norfolk said 'he was saucy, and he would lay his racket upon his face.' Therewith was great trouble, and the queen sore angry with the duke."

The literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is full of allusions to tennis, and in A.D. 1566 it was so generally played by all classes that it supplied John Heywoode with a proverb: "Thou hast stricken the ball under the line," for "You are mistaken."

James the First, having been brought up in Scotland, where "golf" supersedes tennis, did not play; but his sons were all famous tennis-players. Henry, who died young, had a noted match with Robert, Earl of Essex, in the court of Whitehall, in which the prince and his companion disputed so angrily about some point in the game that Prince Henry called Essex "the son of a traitor," and Essex immediately struck the prince with his racket so severely as to draw blood. But the king, on hearing the case, dismissed Essex honorably, saying to the prince, "The youth who has just struck you will hereafter never be remiss in striking your enemies." But James judged wrong: Essex became a famous Parliamentary general.

In the great tennis-court at Hampton, Charles the First played the whole day before he quitted Hampton Court forever; but Charles the Second constantly frequented it, and had particular dresses made for the purpose. His brother James the Second had Monmouth's rebellion, and William of Orange, besides other troubles of his own promoting, to fully occupy his time, and from this date tennis began to lose both its courtly prestige and its popular character. The American colonies had been opened up, adventure took its place with the masses, and gambling with the upper classes. The same change took place in France, and the Abbé de St. Pierre says, "Men have ceased to play active games, such as tennis, and prefer games of chance; hence they have become weaker, more unhealthy, less moral, and less polite."

Only one of the Hanoverian Princes of Wales seems to have taken any interest in the game so allied to regal traditions—Frederick, son of George the Second; for Horace Walpole, writing of his death, says it came from an abscess in the stomach, caused by the blow from a tennis-ball. How little he was respected and lamented, and how little the nation expected from his life, is scathingly enough told in the epitaph of him which was popular at the time:

"Here lies Fred, who was alive and is dead.
Had it been his father, I had much rather.
Had it been his brother, still better than another.
Had it been his sister, no one would have missed her.
Had it been the whole generation, still better for the nation;
But since it's only Fred, who was alive and is dead,
There's no more to be said."

The *Sporting Magazine*, September 29, 1793, says, "Field tennis threatens ere long to bowl out cricket." So that the field tennis of to-day is not a new game so much as the revival of an old one. But its inventor or restorer, whichever he be, deserves our gratitude, for he has re-introduced to its native swarded levels a noble game that had come to be restricted to a handful of players in a few complicated courts, expensive to build and expensive to keep up. Under its new form it is within the compass not only of ordinary means, but also of ordinary capacities, mental and physical.

Barcelon, one of the greatest of French players, says, "Do not seek what is called *les grâces*. Those who have this mania sacrifice to it that which is essential. Posing themselves, they become slow, want *aplomb*, and play always too late."

True grace is nothing more than the faculty of movement. Great players have never adopted any other. Make no sweeps of the arm, or useless preparations. Bergeron, whom few excelled, did not amuse himself with the affectation of a graceful style; he knew too well its disadvantages.

Barre shifted his racket continually up and down, according to the stroke he had to play, and many fine players follow his example, though it is not usual. His service was remarkably varied. His force, both direct and off the main wall, when he chose, terrific, not being always cut, and so robbed of its speed, but frequently slung, and that with great violence. His stroke had a wonderful weight, but he did not use it perpetually, both in and out of season.

Marchisio's great points were patience and management. He had the acquired power of dropping the ball so short over the high part of the net as to render it difficult to be vollied with effect. Marchisio was always hard to beat, because he managed his force so well that he wearied out an opponent by his unceasing and indefatigable return.

Julian Marshall says that one of the most precious secrets of tennis is to strike the ball with the racket at an angle, instead of flat. Though not generally suspected, it is immeasurably easier, and more certain.

The knees should not be so much bent as flexible, and the player not so much poised on the ball of each foot as ready to assume that position in the twinkling of an eye. "She stoops to conquer" has often been humorously yet well applied to tennis.

Finally, Mr. Lukin says that the qualities he most insists on are patience, perseverance, and *good temper*. "These," he says, "are a player's best allies."

In conclusion, this suggestion is offered to the consideration of our inventive American youths: The present racket for lawn tennis might be improved; it ought to retain all its strength, but yet be lighter and more elastic. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* suggests fine steel as the coming material. Would it not be interesting to experiment with this material?

GOLDEN-ROD:

An Idyl of Mount Desert.

CHAPTER V.

ON board the little steamer *Houghton* next day our party fell in with a set of Boston pilgrims, bound to the same "haven where they fain would be." Established upon deck, with shawls and books and lunch baskets, they defied the white-caps on Penobscot Bay that frightened quite a number of their fellow-passengers into seeking sofas down below. Amy, with her hands in the pockets of a long Ulster (made by her brother's tailor, and the pride of her life), with a Derby hat and a cardinal silk neck-handkerchief, walked gayly up and down.

We have no coast-line that will compare in beauty and variety with that of Maine. Its jagged outline breaks up into a thousand picturesque caprices of cape and bay and headland; while islands, sown like emeralds from a sieve, are scattered in countless numbers in a field of dark waves. Here masses of stern gray rock arise from the seething surf; a boat's length further on some sparkling little fiord opens through greenest meadows. Here is a cave, tinted with all the gorgeous coloring that ever dazzled Aladdin in his jewelled hall, where in the crystal depths lurk a hundred living wonders of the sea, and the great waves go booming in with a voice of thunder. Close beside it is some tiny bay, tinted like "strips of the sky, fallen through from on high," and all unruffled by the wind. Under a summer sun, what voyage can be more delightful than a run in and out of the islands from Rockland to Bar Harbor? The cheery little steamer, recovering from the rude treatment of the broad Penobscot, moved soberly upon North Haven, where a row-boat was in waiting with two passengers and a trunk to be hoisted on board. After this operation they lost no time, but steamed away across the bay of Isle au Haut (pronounced "Illyhut" in the vernacular) to Deer Island, where all the population had gathered to receive an attenuated mail-bag, and a few egg boxes returned from Rockland to be refilled. "And now," said the kindly captain, "you will see an island for every day in the year; and if you like to buy and settle hereabouts, we can sell you any one of them you take a fancy to, very cheap." The eldest of Thornton's boys, with a small sum of money burning holes in his trousers pockets, pursued the captain with a thousand eager questions about that last suggestion; and presently came to his father, fired with zeal for the purchase of "that nice round island over yonder; the captain says I may have it for five dollars, or this lovely little bit of a one for seventy-five cents."

In and out of the granite ledges, crowned with spruce and fir, the little steamer winds her busy way; and after passing through York Narrows, with Black Island to the northward, the first view of lovely Mount Desert Island opens before them. The beacon on Bass Harbor Head stands as her sentinel; and when they draw nearer, rounding Long Ledge, the full chain of her mountains is revealed. As the day wanes, the view changes every moment, yet never wearies. Sometimes the boat, crossing a stretch where the Atlantic swell rolls in unchecked, dances like a cork on the heaving sea. Then, under the shelter of an island, the water is as calm as an inland lake. Sometimes the breeze is soft and mild as an infant's breath; then suddenly there comes a change; a glacial chill born from the bosom of a wandering iceberg descends upon them, laughed at at first, but conquering in the end, and sending them on a race to the cabin for extra wraps. Contradictions and antitheses seem to be the ruling passion of Mother Nature in this region.

The first landing made at Mount Desert is Southwest Harbor, destined during the following year to be the scene of an apparition unwonted as a flamingo in a barn-yard—the mysterious ship *Cimbria* lying at anchor here for months, carrying under her German flag a horde of Russians awaiting the war-note between their master and the Queen.

All things must have an end, the beautiful as well as others, and this fairy voyage was drawing near its close.

Leaving Southwest Harbor one has a momentary glimpse to the northward of Somes's Sound, with a broad haven and splendid precipitous cliffs. Here came Henry Hudson in 1609, on his way south to explore the river now called after him. Here, a little later, the French colony of Jesuit fathers was attacked by the English pirate Argall; the station was plundered, and the godly priests murdered under the very shadow of the cross they had so triumphantly planted on the rock with chants of thanksgiving a short time before. These worthy disciples of Christ, after many days of tossing upon angry seas, in finding themselves in the glassy waters of this tranquil sound, thought it a very paradise planted in the midst of desert rocks. The cruel Englishman had expected an unresisting victim, but met a stout resistance from the plucky priests, notably from Père Du Thet, who, when the few soldiers of the colony, panic-stricken, took to flight, fought gallantly, and found a grave upon the shore where he had hoped to make converts to the cross. The little colony of St. Sauveur was thus rudely destroyed; but after the lapse of nearly three centuries the memory of those good men remains, and the new church recently erected at Bar Harbor is called St. Saviour, as a reminder of their devotion.

Otter Creek is passed, and many familiar spots whose very names are dear to the heart of the faithful Mount-Deserter. Next the shining sands of Newport Beach, the beetling precipice of Great Head; then Frenchman's Bay, and Egg Rock with its picturesque bell-tower; now the Anemone Cave, Schooner Head, the Spouting Horn, and the Porcupines, with Newport Mountain towering above all, where one may climb through woods rich in the balsam of fir and pine trees, and emerging on the summit, look down nearly two thousand feet of precipice into the chafing ocean.

It is not as they had known it years ago, for the spectacle of tall hôtels and "Queen Anne" cottages makes a smart modern watering-place now of what was then a quaint yellow, red, and brown tinted fisher village on the coast.

In the harbor, side by side with fishing-smacks and Indian canoes, are gay pleasure yachts and boats, and several times a week are emptied on its pier a horde of society-seekers, alas! clad in purple and fine linen, instead of the honest band of young men and maidens, artists, students, professors, who would be boys again, who wore stout shoes, and swore to dress like tramps, and dwell like gods together through long days of glorious life in this crystal atmosphere.

The fatal tide of fashion has set that way, and having given vent to the customary Jeremiad of an aboriginal visitor to Mount Desert, it is proper to admit that there are a great many consolations left under the present state of things.

"Erskine, you had better go ashore cautiously," said the Counsellor, as the little steamer touched her pier. "Ten to one there will be two rival leaders of picnic parties waiting to capture you, and bear you off in a buckboard to eat hard-boiled eggs and dismember cold chickens upon the rocks."

For once, however, this common fate was escaped, and the new-comers were only showered with cordial greetings from the picturesque groups assembled to see that great event, the arrival of the boat. Take it all in all, Bar Harbor is such an amazingly affectionate place. One grows rapturous on that wharf over friends whom one has failed to see for months, even years, in town. Snubs are forgiven, feuds are forgotten, desperate friendships are created in a breath, in this atmosphere of universal good-fellowship.

It need not be said that Miss Amy North was in her element at Mount Desert. In a moment her attached family beheld her entirely submerged in the embraces of five particular girl-friends, four of whom wore brilliant Turkey red petticoats, and flourished Turkey red parasols.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Counsellor and his party, or Erskine and his friends, in whatever way you prefer to regard them, found that their telegrams had preceded them to some effect. Amy declared that it was due to the remembrance of their overpowering attractions upon a former visit, Thornton, to everybody's fear of whooping-cough, that mine host had quartered them in all the vacant rooms of a cottage sufficiently far from the madding crowd to breathe in freedom, yet near enough to become, in the Maine vernacular, "mealers," *i. e.*, go back and forth to the Romont for their meals.

Erskine announced that he was lodged like a prince, in a quaint little ship's cabin of a room, with floor painted green, and sunflowers and hollyhocks looking in at his window, barring the slight inconvenience of a snoring neighbor in the adjoining room, of whom it was certified by his landlady that he would not fail to leave in Monday's boat.

At breakfast next day at the Romont their repast was continually interrupted by people who came in, took places, looked over at their table, looked again, as if, like Mr. Veneering, they were not quite sure whether these were indeed their dearest friends or not; then, abandoning uncertainty, made a wild rush to descend upon the last arrivals with effusive welcome.

In the great dining-room at the Romont were assembled representatives of all parts of the country. The F. F.'s of Boston and the F. F.'s of Virginia forgot their mutual slight unpleasantness of a few years gone by, and affiliated on the ground of common superiority to the mass of Americans not endowed like themselves with *sangre azul.* New York compared notes with Cleveland and Chicago, willing to credit them with "a certain sort of progressiveness, no doubt," but profoundly pitying them for being situated so far from the radius of her enlightening beam.

All of the younger ladies were attired in short costumes, with a manifest determination toward the picturesque. "I don't care about the becomingness of it," said, to her dress-maker, a New York girl bound for Mount Desert; "but you *must* make me effective against a rock!"

Two marked peculiarities may one note in these charming creatures who frequent the Eastern Eden. One is a reckless disregard of the ordinary rules for the preservation of complexion, a rich tawny brown here being as much a standard of beauty as in the Marquesas; another, the most delightful liberality in the display of scarlet stockings, which, with high-heeled slippers and sparkling buckles, are scattered over the Romont piazza like poppies in a field.

Upon this long piazza a dress parade is held three times a day. After every meal people rally here to plan excursions, lay out routes, discuss weather, abjure fogs, exchange novels, eat chocolate bonbons, and compare crewel-work. Truth to tell, Kensington embroidery, after a brief devotion to the æsthetic cat tails, languishes in the face of yacht parties, buckboard parties, catamaran parties, and, most popular of all, those parties where two is company and three are trumpery—in the frail limitation of a birch-bark canoe.

Erskine found himself caught up and whirled away in abundant schemes mapped out for his entertainment by his friends, old and new.

Thornton's prophecy came speedily to pass. On the afternoon following that of their arrival they were captured, stowed in a buckboard—the Mount Desert equipage *par excellence*—and borne to a distant cliff beside the sounding sea, each man in charge of an especial keeper. Erskine thought that he might have found enjoyment more keen than in being wedged three on a seat with people from the four quarters of the globe whom he had never seen before, to be driven through blinding dust, the horses going up hill and down dale at a steady gallop.

It is the correct amusement at Mount Desert to sing, while at this rate of speed, glees, catches, and choruses—a custom honorable in its antiquity, no doubt, but occasionally falling short of full effect from the preponderance of strong bass voices and shrill sopranos, as well as the rigid determination of those who never sang before to open their mouths and make a noise to add to the general hilarity. The unfortunate composer of that popular maritime ballad "Nancy Lee" should spend a summer at Bar Harbor, in order to make him rue the day and hour when he gave it to the world.

When they reached the Cliffs, a glorious battlement of sea-worn, storm-riven rock, Erskine's young woman was discovered to be indispensable to the compounding of lobster salad, so he availed himself of brief freedom to clamber down to the water's edge and observe at leisure the picturesque scene.

To Amy North's portion had fallen the especial glory of the party—a young Englishman passing a few days at Mount Desert *en route* for Nova Scotia.

The Honorable Cecil Clive had a fine aquiline profile, wore irreproachable Knickerbockers, and divided his other interests in life with incessant contemplation of his own substantial legs, cased in woollen hose and heavy calf-skin shoes.

"I suppose you visited New York," Amy was saying, after a protracted pause.

"Oh yes, of course," said the Honorable Cecil. "Fancy not stoppin' in New York, now! And I say, there's a capital fellow there for stoppin' teeth—what's-his-name, you know. I went to him every day I was there; upon my soul I did. He's an awfully keen fellow on teeth, now, isn't he?"

Amy shot a mischievous *œillade* toward Erskine with an expression from which he inferred that she was enjoying herself with exhilaration, and that no power on earth would detain her other than the natural sense of triumph in having appropriated the Honorable Cecil from the very grasp of "My Lady Disdain," as they called Mrs. Ketchum, from New York.

This lady having, with her two pretty inane daughters, once been presented at Queen Victoria's court, and visited two or three English country houses, had conceived the idea of becoming a sort of self-constituted duchess in New York society. A foreigner of distinction or of title fell into her hands upon his arrival as naturally as an October apple gravitates toward the earth. A brace of English lordlings had been recently consigned to her care by their respective mammas, with the polite injunction to keep them from the snares of American match-makers—a request rigidly, though not intentionally (so ill-natured people said), complied with. It may be, then, readily imagined that this American fairy godmother of the English aristocracy had every reason to resent interference with the Honorable Cecil, her rightful property.

Mrs. Ketchum sat upon the rocks, with discontent written on every line of her countenance, supported on either side by the pretty daughters, who had hung fire at Mount Desert in consequence of their inability to comprehend "these odd American ways." Mrs. Ketchum refused to be comforted even by the attendance of that great arbiter of fashion Mr. Philip Daly, who was spending a week at Bar Harbor before adjourning to Newport, "just to see what people find to like in it, by Jove!"

It was apparent that Mr. Philip Daly's principle in life resembled that of Dickens's hero who would rather be knocked down by a gentleman than picked up by a cad. His conversation with Mrs. Ketchum consisted mainly of warmed-over reminiscences of their respective English experience, in discussion as to whether it was Lord Partington's wife's sister or his half-sister who had just eloped with young Plantagenet Grenville.

My Lady Disdain only consented to relax into a wan sort of a smile when Mr. Daly disclosed to her an entirely new anecdote, just received, all about Mrs. Langtry and the Prince of Wales.

Higher up upon the cliff sat Mrs. Hazelhurst, an aristocratic dame of noble Dutch stock, whose wont it was to "sit upon thrones in a purple sublimity," and repress the "audacity of people in trade, my dear, aspiring to lead in New York society." Mrs. Hazelhurst considered it her duty to draw the line somewhere, and she drew it at Mrs. Ketchum.

Mrs. Hazelhurst was in close conversation with Grace Thornton about some one of their mutual "fads." Mrs. Thornton is a typical young New York matron, and the possession of a husband and a pretty little house overflowing with bric-à-brac and babies does not prevent her embarking in every kind of enterprise, social, philanthropic, pious, or patriotic.

Mrs. Thornton has a little blue and white cretonne morning-room, all over crooks and Cupids, where in one corner is placed a davenport, severely dedicated to public works. Here she sits, amid piles of reports and other documents, writing innumerable little notes, and overhauling her visiting list in the intervals of drawing up the minutes of her last meeting with a scarlet feather pen.

Mrs. Hazelhurst is the president of the Anti-Cassowary Sisters of Timbuctoo. Mrs. Thornton is secretary of the Alb Association and Chasuble Club. Both ladies patronize sewing societies, hospitals, skating rinks, flannel-petticoat guilds, and X. Y. Z. parties at Delmonico's.

"Mon Dieu, madame!" said a young Frenchman to Mrs. Thornton one season, "I have come to think that your *gracieuses* American ladies have a veritable mania for good works. If I escape from a parlor where there are rose-colored and blue tickets for sale, I call upon a lady like yourself, who excuses herself to attend a committee or to visit an asylum for blind or lunatics."

In conference with these two ladies is Mr. Peters, a very round, blonde, and rosy personage, whom nature meant for a good-natured, kindly diner-out, but who persists in adopting a mournful and poetic view. His especial weakness or gift is for the construction of neatly turned notices upon the character of deceased friends. Irreverent girls, like Amy North, call poor Mr. Peters "the Ghoul," and men say of him that it adds new terrors to death to know that Peters would inevitably write your obituary for publication in the *E——g P——t.*

The Counsellor, rejoicing in the good fortune of his wife and sister, has taken possession of a lovely little Philadelphia girl, with cheeks like wild roses blooming at the bottom of a scoop straw hat, according to an agreement with Grace that he may flirt as much as he pleases at Mount Desert.

A pair of sisters, Louisiana creoles, with brilliant mobile faces, lips of pomegranate, and complexions that resemble the *mat* white of a camellia petal, are resting from their unusual labors in descending the steep cliff upon a crimson rug, and at their feet are stretched a bevy of Harvard men, whom these soft Southern beauties have completely carried by storm.

Two Boston ladies, themselves resembling sketches by Du Maurier, have brought their water-colors, and are diligently at work, ambitious to catch an especial point of view under the supervision of the famous artist Shorterfeldt, after whom all of the amateurs here are following—"a very long way after," as *Punch* would say.

The "Baltimore delegation" of pretty, slender girls, with irresistibly cordial ways, have undertaken to build a fire of drift-wood, whose pale blue column of smoke arises under the shoulder of a huge rock. Into their service they have impressed a number of cavaliers, among them no less a star than the youthful Knickerbocker Mr. Percy De Witt, whose dear little hands are assuredly more at home in wielding a fan to conduct the German than in the Caliban service of fetching heavy logs.

Everywhere echoes of cheerful laughter from merry maidens smite the ear. One sees the Bar Harbor colony out in force at such a festival as this.

Erskine was out of tune with gayety, and by no one of these attractive groups did he care to linger long. He strayed down to the verge of the chafing sea, and walked idly up the coast. Sometimes he crossed a wall of ragged rocks upon which the long roll of the Atlantic spent its force. Beyond, a forest of leaves, layer upon layer of every conceivable shade of green, wooed the foot to follow where the eye had plunged. Again, he passed a stretch of beach, green and glittering with the spines of countless sea-urchins, powdered by the action of the waves. Then came an inlet, where the surf swirled up between two black and frowning walls. Next, a tiny path through a bit of fern pasture, all imbedded in moss and red berries, and overhung with tangled boughs of birch. And so, with errant footsteps, on and on, until he came suddenly out again upon a stretch of unimpeded coast, and stood upon a jutting point of rocks.

There, full in his view, across an intervening bay, he saw an archway of stone, gorgeous with prismatic hues, where, at certain conditions of the tide, a single boat might float in on the wave, and rest its keel upon a bit of pebbly beach. Behind it rose a beetling crag to shut off all retreat, and a little stream of water, crystal clear, came stealing down between tufts of harebells growing where no hand could reach. Here, in this cool recess, might one retire to gaze out upon the wide panorama of islands rising from a sapphire sea; and here, like a picture set in a frame, he saw a lady stand.

Erskine's breath grew short, and a dimness passed before his eyes. It was none other than Rosalie Gray. It was evident that she had rowed herself into the cavern, and found it a much more difficult matter to return. The waves were dashing in upon her feet, and the little cockle-shell of a boat was beating and grinding on the rocks in utter rebellion against her attempt to bring it into subjection with a line or oar.

One moment Erskine gave to the luxury of gazing upon her unobserved. She was more beautiful, he thought, in the dark blue flannel boating dress, with the fish-woman's tunic and large coarse straw hat, than in all the bravery of silk attire and priceless gems. The lines of her splendid figure, the Dian-like poise of her head, were here revealed in a new phase, that seemed in some way to bring her more down to his level than before. In her leather belt she wore with careless grace a large knot of the ox-eyed daisies just then starring every field upon the island, another in her hat.

"I beg your pardon—mayn't I help you?" Erskine hailed her. As she turned and saw him, the flush in her cheek deepened perceptibly. In a moment's time he was scrambling over the slippery rocks regardless of appearances, and torn, rough, and breathless, presented himself before her.

His first task was to capture the boat, and, walking in water to his knees, hold it with a firm grasp until the passenger was safely stowed within.

"Now keep your oars shipped for a moment, please, and here goes;" and with a mighty push Erskine shot the little craft far out into clear water beyond the passageway, but simultaneously lost his footing, and plunged headlong into the deep sea after it.

Before Mrs. Gray had time to realize her dismay, he was up again, and scaling the rocks as he dashed the brine away, vowed that he would walk back to the party, and beg for hot coffee and a wrap.

"It is absolutely nothing, I assure you," he said, as she rowed up to his side. "Who would count a wetting in sea-water like this? though I must confess it has a sting of cold, as if the splinter from an iceberg had touched me passing by. It is rather a downfall to my pride, however, to appear before you in such a way."

"You are too good, to make light of it. Thanks again," Rosalie said, every trace of reserve departing from her manner. "I am more than ashamed of myself to have been the cause of such an accident. It is quite impossible for you to think of returning to your party. They will have left the Cliffs probably, and it is a great way off. I beg—I insist that you will come into my boat, take this cloak, and let me row you home."

"Everything but that," Erskine said, acquiescing, with a smile. "Pray be compassionate, and don't bring me to shame by making an invalid of me. I bargain for the oars myself."

What between the active exertion of a long pull and the astonishing excitement of the situation, he had nothing to fear from lack of circulation of the blood. Like a draught of wine was the delicious look of sympathy she turned upon him. He almost wished that he might have struck his head upon a submerged rock, in order to *pose* a little, and win still more of these anxious womanly glances. There was nothing left of the imperial ball-room belle; she was *rêveuse*, and almost shy.

Nothing passed between them in reference to their former meetings. It is only in books that people go through whole pages of ponderous explanations. In good society one recognizes that there are a great many things convenient to forget, and that almost everybody has a time when it is best to rub out bad marks and begin over again. Mrs. Gray may have murmured, "I met you at the Patriarchs' last winter, I believe?" and Erskine may have answered, "Yes—ah, certainly. I think I was indebted to my friend A—— for the pleasure;" but neither one betrayed any profounder emotion.

When Perseus proceeded to land Andromeda at a floating dock, and to assist her up the steep stairway, she waited until they were out of hearing of the ring of lounging boatmen, and turning, offered him her slim white hand.

"Mr. Erskine," she said, for the first time pronouncing his name, "let me thank you again, the more heartily because I have to ask your pardon."

It did not occur to Erskine to demand for what just then. His blood was thrilling in his veins. He looked after her stately figure as she walked away, without even knowing if they should meet again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE AUTHOR OF "MESMERISM."

IT was exactly a century ago that a German practitioner of no fame, and with a reputation somewhat of the Cagliostro order, half quack, half adventurer, made his way to Paris. He had made some little stir in Vienna, where he was born in 1734, and received the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1766, when he produced a thesis for his doctorate on the subject of the influence of the planets on the human body. His notion was that the same subtle force which we call gravity, when applied to the heavenly bodies, ran through nature in some transmuted form, and touching human bodies, was transmuted into what he called, for want of a better term, animal magnetism. In 1774 he fell in with a certain Father Hell, a Jesuit professor of astronomy, who professed to cure diseases by means of magnetized pieces of iron, and certainly the cures effected were astonishing enough to excite an age which had not then suspected the reflex action of the excito-motor system, and to whom the whole nervous system was as yet a closed book in physiology. This was precisely the border-land between mind and matter, where superstition had long run riot, and superstition dies hard everywhere, and nowhere more so than in a luxurious age which has lost its primitive faith and prides itself on its illuminism. The age of reason is generally also the age of extravagant unreason. But Mesmer and his cures were too much for the Viennese, or, at least, for Maria Theresa, and she bade Mesmer to have done with dabbling in this region of healing diseases by a method which was not miraculous on the one hand, nor medical on the other. Her blunt order, "*de finir cette supercherie,*" closed Mesmer's career in Vienna, and, after wandering for some time in Switzerland, where he fell in at Zurich with Gassner, who also had a method of his own for exorcising devils, which was neither theological nor scientific, but a mixture of the two, Mesmer at last drifted to Paris, where he arrived exactly a century ago, published a tract, "Mémoire sur la découverte de Magnétisme, 1779," which supplied idle Parisians with what they craved—a new sensation, and miracles which were not theological.

THE MYSTERY OF SASASSA VALLEY.

A SOUTH AFRICAN STORY.

Do I know why Tom Donahue is called "Lucky Tom?" Yes, I do; and that is more than one in ten of those who call him so can say. I have knocked about a deal in my time, and seen some strange sights, but none stranger than the way in which Tom gained that sobriquet and his fortune with it; for I was with him at the time. Tell it? Oh, certainly; but it is a longish story, and a very strange one; so fill up your glass again, and light another cigar, while I try to reel it off. Yes; a very strange one—beats some fairy stories I have heard; but it's true, Sir, every word of it. There are men alive at Cape Colony now who'll remember it and confirm what I say. Many a time has the tale been told round the fire in Boers' cabins from Orange State to Griqualand; yes, and out in the Bush and at the Diamond Fields too.

I'm roughish now, Sir; but I was entered at the Middle Temple once, and studied for the bar. Tom—worse luck!—was one of my fellow-students; and a wildish time we had of it, until at last our finances ran short, and we were compelled to give up our so-called studies, and look about for some part of the world where two young fellows with strong arms and sound constitutions might make their mark. In those days the tide of emigration had scarcely begun to set in toward Africa, and so we thought our best chance would be down at Cape Colony. Well—to make a long story short—we set sail, and were deposited in Cape Town with less than five pounds in our pockets; and there we parted. We each tried our hands at many things, and had ups and downs; but when, at the end of three years, chance led each of us up-country and we met again, we were, I regret to say, in almost as bad a plight as when we started.

Well, this was not much of a commencement; and very disheartened we were—so disheartened that Tom spoke of going back to England and getting a clerkship. For you see we didn't know that we had played out all our small cards, and that the trumps were going to turn up. No; we thought our "hands" were bad all through. It was a very lonely part of the country that we were in, inhabited by a few scattered farmers, whose houses were stockaded and fenced in to